
THE
LADIES'
MONTHLY MUSEUM.

JANUARY, 1828.

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS
THE DUKE OF CLARENCE, K. G. K. T.

THE glory and safety which Great Britain has so long derived from her navy, render everything connected with her maritime affairs, an object of interest and importance to all who desire her prosperity. Amid much mismanagement and misrule, the genius of Great Britain has not only maintained, but essentially increased her ancient fame; and rendered her truly formidable, we had almost said, invincible, on the ocean. The personal courage and exertion of individuals, even in the lowest grades of service, have, no doubt, tended to this great consummation; but, in a very material degree, it is, doubtless, attributable also to the increased science, as well as courage of her seamen, and to the heroism, contempt of danger, and disregard of personal ease and comfort, exhibited by those in command. When the sons of nobles, and of Majesty itself, mingle in the deadly strife, on equal terms of danger and exposure, with the humblest of the crew, it is not difficult to imagine how influential must be the example, and how powerful the effect on the minds and exertions of all. When the King of Prussia heard that the subject of our present memoir was serving as a midshipman in the Royal Navy, he is said to have expressed to his courtiers, that the maritime glory of England might well be paramount, when the son of her Monarch could exchange the ease and luxuries of a palace, for the discipline and hardships of a man of war.

Prince William Henry, Duke of Clarence and St. Andrews, and Earl of Ulster, in Ireland, is the third son of His late

Majesty, and was born August 21st, 1765. He early selected for himself a profession, and was accordingly educated for the service of the Navy, and sent, at an early age, to sea, under the care of Rear-Admiral Digby. In 1780, His Royal Highness served in the fleet, commanded by Admiral Rodney, and had the honour to be present at the capture of the Spanish fleet. In compliment to the Prince, one of the ships taken on that occasion was called the *Prince William Henry*.

Having duly served his time as a midshipman, he was successively promoted to the rank of Lieutenant and Captain; and was appointed to the command of a frigate, in which he sailed to the West Indies; and it has been said, that the strict discipline which the Prince maintained, by no means tended to render him popular among his comrades. It does not appear that he was much employed during the war. This, however, it is but justice to remark, was rather attributable to the state of party feeling at this period; the Royal Duke having, (it is said, at the solicitation of his present Majesty), voted for, and took part with the opposition of the day: and under such circumstances, we cannot wonder that the Minister never employed his Royal Highness in any event of importance.

Released from professional engagements, and abandoning all political questions, the Duke retired to the residence, which, as Ranger of the park, he enjoyed at Bushey: and here commenced that connection, which for twenty-three years was continued without interruption, between His Royal Highness and the late Mrs. Jordan. Here, we are informed, that as much of happiness as *such* a connexion can be supposed capable of conferring, was enjoyed by both parties. During this period, Mrs. Jordan most indefatigably pursued her professional career, adding annually to her fame, and to her income. At Bushey, the Duke and Mrs. Jordan lived in comparative retirement; the cares and expenses of a numerous family, absorbing their attentions and their means. Thus did years pass on, in all the apparent enjoyments of domestic life, when circumstances, most mysterious then, and never since explained, occasioned a separation—an event of all others, the most unexpected: various causes were immediately assigned by the tongue of rumour for such an event; nor to the present day has any satisfactory explanation been offered. We are informed by one, who professes personal and confidential information, that “the separation took place

from causes no way dishonourable to either party; that it was not sought by the royal personage, nor necessary on the part of the lady: It was too hasty to be discreet, and too much influenced by feelings of the moment to be hearty." Every arrangement that feeling, consideration, and long attachment could suggest, was, we are informed, on the same authority, proffered by the Duke to secure to Mrs. Jordan all the luxuries and comforts to which she had been so long accustomed: and every thing she wished for was arranged to her satisfaction. (Barrington's personal Sketches. v. II. p. 240.) The subsequent state of anxiety and poverty, under which this unhappy lady terminated her mortal career in obscurity and exile, are, by this representation, rendered totally inexplicable.

On the Prince being created Duke of Clarence and St. Andrews, he received the usual allowance of £12,000, since augmented to £18,000, per annum, granted to the younger sons of the Royal Family; and on the death of Lord Howe, he was appointed, in 1811, by the Prince Regent, Admiral of the Fleet, and in that capacity, he hoisted his flag on board the Royal Charlotte Yacht, in which Louis XVIII. was conveyed to France. On the decease of the Princess Charlotte, many anxieties were felt as to the succession of the crown; and on this occasion many Royal marriages took place; among these is to be reckoned that of the Duke of Clarence, who, on the eleventh of July, 1818, espoused the Princess Adelaide Amelia Louisa Teresa Caroline, sister of the reigning Duke of Saxe Meiningen. Every account tends to shew that the domestic comforts of the Royal Duke, have sustained but little interruption, or diminution, by his separation from Mrs. Jordan: this is, in a very great degree, attributable to the prudent conduct of his Royal consort; whose condescension to all, and considerate and kind attention to the Duke's children in particular, have conciliated for her the public esteem, as well as contributed to the happiness and comfort of her domestic circle. Their Royal Highnesses have, generally, since their marriage, resided at Bushey, occasionally visiting the continent; and until lately they lived in comparative retirement and privacy.

On the decease of his late Royal Highness the Duke of York, the relative situation of the Duke of Clarence and his near proximity to the throne, requiring a greater degree of splendour and publicity, application was made made to Parliament,

and an addition of £12,000 per annum, voted for the support of the dignity of the Duke, as Heir apparent to the Throne.

On Mr. Canning's appointment to the Premiership, on occasion of the vacancy caused by the illness of Lord Liverpool, it was determined that the administration of naval affairs should no longer be considered as a political office. The retirement of Lord Melville from the Admiralty led to the dissolution of the Board of Admiralty, which was followed by the appointment of his Royal Highness as Lord High Admiral. On this occasion, a succession of grand entertainments was given by their Royal Highnesses at the Admiralty, to which the nobility and gentry were invited, without any reference to political opinions; the Lord High Admiral being determined, like his late Royal Highness the Commander in Chief, that nothing should be considered as a claim on his notice, but merit, nor any motive stimulate his patronage, but the interest of his country.

Tros Tyrinsque mihi nullo discrimine agetur.

Subsequent to his Royal Highness's appointment, a variety of important regulations have been made, and many alterations effected in the government of the navy, and in the appointment and promotion of Officers. One of the most important, is the appointment of second captains to every line-of-battle-ship; answering to that of second majors, or lieutenant-colonels, in the army. The Lord High Admiral has also undertaken and completed a personal inspection of all the Royal Dock-Yards and Naval Arsenals in the Kingdom; and in this and other official business, has been, for some months, constantly and arduously engaged. His amiable Duchess has usually accompanied him in these excursions; and has every where won on the affections of the people by her affability, condescension, and kindness. Looking forward to the exalted station which his Royal Highness may, in the order of Providence, be destined to occupy, it cannot but be gratifying to every Briton, that the Duke evinces so decided an attachment to that branch of the service which we all have long been accustomed to contemplate, with partiality and favour, as most constitutional, and most effective.

D. D.

NEW YEAR'S GIFTS IN FRANCE.

THE practice of making *New Year's Gifts* existed among the Romans; they sent little presents to their friends as auguring happiness throughout the year; they were called *strenæ*, whence their goddess *Strenua* and the French word *etrennes*. But the joy manifested by the Romans at the renewing of the year degenerated into debauchery, disguisings, and indecent farces, which continued for several days; and these follies were practised throughout the whole Roman empire. The Gauls were consequently infected by their dangerous example, and their proceeding were afterwards so scandalous, that they called forth the censures of the church, which proscribed the customs of the calends of January, as celebrated by indecencies unworthy of Christians;—such is the origin of the *Feast of Fools*, practised in the churches at the time of the winter solstice.

The first day of January in *France*, and in most Catholic countries, is devoted to congratulatory and complimentary visits, the performance of which is considered so indispensable in society, that the omission of them is frequently the cause of great coolness, and even enmity among friends. On *New Year's Day*, which is called *le jour d'etrennes*, parents bestow portions on their children; brothers, on their sisters; and husbands make presents to their wives. In *Paris*, carriages may be seen rolling through the streets with cargoes of *bon bons*, souvenirs, and the variety of etceteras, with which little children and grown-up children are bribed into good humour; and here and there pastry-cooks are to be met with, carrying upon boards enormous temples, pagodas, churches, and play-houses, made of fine flour and sugar, and embellished in the way which makes French pastry so inviting. But there is one street in *Paris* to which a New Year's Day is a whole year's fortune—this is the *rue des Lombards*, where the wholesale confectioners reside. For several days preceding the 1st of January, this street is completely blocked up by carts and waggons laden with cases of sweetmeats for the provinces. These are of every form and description which the most singular fancy can imagine—bunches of carrots, green peas, boots and shoes, lobsters, crabs, hats, books, musical instruments, gridirons, frying-pans, and

saucepans—all made of sugar, and coloured to imitate reality. It would not, perhaps, be an exaggeration to state that the amount expended on New-Year's Day in Paris, for sweetmeats alone, exceeds 500,000 francs, or £20,000 sterling. Jewellery is also sold to a very large amount; and the fancy articles exported in the first week of the year to England, and other countries, is computed at one-fourth of their sale during the twelve months. In Paris, it is by no means uncommon for a man of 8 or 10,000 francs a-year, to make presents on New-Year's Day which cost him a fifteenth part of his income. No person able to give, must on this day pay a visit empty-handed. Every body accepts, and every man gives according to the means which he possesses. Females alone are exempted from the charge of giving. A pretty woman, respectably connected, may reckon her New Year's presents at something considerable—Gems, jewellery, gloves, stockings, and artificial flowers, fill her drawing-room; for in Paris it is a custom to display all the gifts, in order to excite emulation, and obtain as much as possible. At the Palace, New Year's Day is a complete *jour de fête*. Every branch of the royal family is expected to make handsome presents to the king.

A curious ceremony formerly took place in the cathedral of Chartres, entitled the *Fool-Pope*, or Pope of Fools; it was held on the first four days of the year. The ministers elected every year, among themselves, a pope and his cardinals; for one would not do without the other: and the clergy who accompanied them were equally respectable with the chiefs. This grotesque assemblage officiated in the cathedral in masquerade habits, and acted in the most indecent manner; every sort of disorder being allowed. Each appeared to have but one object in view, that of distinguishing himself by the wildest extravagancies. They afterwards went through the streets and public squares in the town with the same dress, and in the same disguise, insulting and levying contributions on every one they met. In 1504, war, plague, and famine, desolated the country of Chartres, like the rest of France; and the Canons, affected by these scourges, ordered this scandalous fête to be suppressed.

Time's Telescope.

THE SIX CALENDARS;

OR,

SKETCHES OF LIFE, FROM THE KNIGHT'S CELL OF THE UNITED
SERVICE CLUB OF GREAT BRITAIN.*(Continued from page 271, Vol. XXVI.)*

THE IDES OF NOVEMBER.

IN sympathy with the clouds and gloom of this dreariest month of the year, not one out of the remaining four of our six sketchers of life, who have not yet given their portraits to the Ladies' Museum, could be found with nerve enough to set pen to paper for that purpose: and the following account, which the kindly hand of good Sir Ongar Oldham has furnished us with, will, we trust, be a sufficient verification of the effect of our proverbial climate, upon our social as well as literary faculties.—Thus, he bears his evidence:

“Last Tuesday evening, the thirteenth of November, being very wet, and my temper feeling inclined to harmonise with the dull weather, I ordered a coach, and drove earlier than usual to our united-service cell, hoping to lose in the society of some, if not all of our brethren there, my sensations of the incumbent atmosphere and its vaporous suggestions. When I alighted at the door, honest Scabbard, the porter, told me none of the club were come yet; but it was such a night as was likely to draw folk together, for very cheeriness: and so he thought some would speedily arrive. I discharged my vehicle, and rather damped by the disappointment, slowly ascended the stairs, and entered our meeting-room, where I quietly seated myself in a crimson damask elbow-chair by the fire. It burned very sadly; I thought it, and every thing, partook of my melancholy, and seizing the poker, I gave it two or three hasty stirs; which, invigorating its dying embers, soon infused warmth into my chilled frame, and cheerfulness through the room: at least as far as sparkling light could do it. I sat for a considerable time with my arms folded, looking into the flames, and listening to the pattering rain, which beat on the sky-light over my head; the sound was measured and uninterrupted; drop fell after drop, in an unvaried monotony. The miserable mind is prone to association. The remembrance of what was past crowded on my heart.—Do the heavens weep for me? exclaimed I, while

the tears of bitter retrospection poured over my cheek. I wept for a few minutes; but ashamed of a grief, that seemed womanish, in the father of the brave boy for whom I mourned, I rose from my seat, and paced the room. Thus, in some measure, I dispelled the sorrowful objects which had risen to memory, and again seated myself. I took up a book to read, but I found my mind would pay no regard to it; and laying it down again, I anxiously watched for the arrival of some of the club, and most particularly for that of General Mysore. The time crept on; the clock struck nine,—ten,—eleven!—Three hours I had counted the drizzling drops of rain, falling in gentle cadence over my head. I tried to shake off the gloom that surrounded me; but in vain; I possessed not the power. I am no philosopher; I am a mere man,—a weak, sorrow-enfeebled man! and I seek for the sympathy of human beings, of like affections, but firmer spirits, to solace my wounded heart.

“In that well-carpeted, curtained apartment, I felt myself defended from the weather, which seemed to howl at every cranny of the windows, to gain admittance. The floods of heaven poured on the roof; yet that roof warded off the storm, and a blazing fire glowed on the hearth, sufficient to warm the bosom of a berg-frozen Iclander!—Yet to me, all these comforts lacked the very soul of comfort, I wanted the society of my friend; who, in the wastes of Greenland, would have been to me, shelter, warmth, and joy. He was absent: I had no one to shield me from myself; and the whole weight of my recollected woes came thronging on me. At that moment, when I heard the sudden burst of rain rush like a torrent, and roll, as a cataract, over the sides of the house—at that moment, when the violence of the tempest appeared to shut out all hopes of society—how great did the blessings of social intercourse, and of friendship, stand in their true light before me! Their absence, at that time, gave me the full measure of their consequence to the heart of man. “It was not found good,” by the creator of all beings, “that man should be alone!” And how did I adore the bounty of that all-gracious hand, who, in making man susceptible of so many tender affections, bestowed on him objects of worth to afford them gratification. How exquisite appeared to me the happiness that is participated! how insipid the joy that is tasted alone!—For my part, I only feel any of these pleasurable emotions, when those whom I esteem,

are present, and partake them with me. Indeed, I have felt myself almost blessed in grief, when those I love, lament my woes, and sooth my distress; the tears which they shed, the sanctified tears of commiseration and affection, are dearer, and more precious to me, than the most splendid entertainment ever was, where such sympathisers, in joy, as well as pain, were not there. Yes! sweet is the conciliating voice of sympathy; it soothes the tortured heart; and assuages its most consuming fires:—It is a boon easily bestowed; and to the unhappy, it is more valuable than the riches of the earth. But to weep in secret—unpitied—uncomforted, is one of the most trying of human destinies. But how incompatible are these feelings, with the modes of modern fashion! That benign sympathy, that generous confidence, which the author of all good hath sown, as a heavenly seed, in every created being, is now to be considered a weakness beneath the dignity of man; and the bonds of friendship, which resist the furnace of affliction, are laughed at, as the straight-waistcoat of quixotic romance! But it is not heroic instances of friendship, I am meaning to eulogise, for they are seldom necessary. I look not for the sublime exertions of a Hermodius and Aristogiton,—I need it not. It is to the soothing hand of a solacing and cheerful companion!—And did it not come to me! I had, in a manner survived myself; string after string had been severed from my heart; alone, and forgotten, I wandered in the deep solitudes of my hereditary home, not as an animated being, but as a moving corpse of breathing clay. My faculties were dead; but friendship, the halcyon voice of that sweet angel, saluted my ear; it spoke a language that had been foreign to my heart for many a year. It renovated the powers of my soul: and from her consoling accents, I felt I was yet of consequence on the earth; that there was still one bosom who warmly regarded me, and I resumed the vigour of my mind, grateful to heaven, which had sent me such manna in my wilderness.

“But this evening, this gloomy evening, when the agitated elements rend the air, and the cheerful sounds of a social voice, salute not mine ear,—no, not even the well-known accents of my old friend! at this instant, for the first time since I quitted the towers of Oldham castle, I feel that I may be despondent again. These are the first hours that I have found myself quite alone, since my arrival in London; and I think with redoubled gratitude on my comforter Mysore; indeed, on

my superior Comforter, the one beyond the power of man to give or take away, and resignation struggles to regain its empire over my weak human heart.

"Thus, contending with myself, I hastily rose, caught up my hat and stick; and making my way into the hall, sent the errand-boy for a coach, while I silently paced up and down, meditating on the wayward mind of man. When the vehicle arrived, I shook worthy Scabbard by the hand, and, by the aid of his arm and umbrella, stepping into the coach, drove away amidst the elemental uproar of that dreary night, to my own lodgings.

"ONGAR OLDHAM."

J. P.

(To be continued.)

SEA FOWL.

M. CHATEAUBRIAND, speaking of sea-fowl, says they have places of rendezvous, where you would imagine that they were deliberating in common on the affairs of their republic; it is, in general, a rock in the midst of the waves. We used often to sit in the island of St. Pierre, on the coast opposite an islet, called by the natives the Pigeon-house, on account of its form, and because they repair to it in spring for the purpose of seeking eggs. We passed whole days and nights in studying the manners of the inhabitants of this rock: the nights are full of the secrets of Providence. The multitude of birds that assemble at the Pigeon-house is so great, that we could frequently distinguish their cries amid the roaring of the most furious tempests. All these birds have extraordinary voices, resembling the sounds that issue from the sea: if the earth has its Flora, the sea has also its Philomela. When the curlew whistles at sunset on the point of some rock, accompanied by the hollow roaring of the billows, which forms the bass to the concert, it produces one of the most melancholy harmonies that can possibly be conceived; never did the wife of Ceix breathe forth such lamentations on the shores that witnessed her misfortunes. The best understanding prevailed in the republic of our birds. Immediately after the birth of a citizen, his mother precipitated him into the waves, like those barbarous nations who plunged their children into rivers to inure them to the fatigues of life. Couriers were incessantly dispatched from this Tyre, with numerous attendants, who, by the command of Providence,

dispersed over all the seas for the relief of the mariner. Some, stationed at the distance of forty or fifty leagues from an unknown land, serve as a certain indication to the pilot, who discovers them like corks floating on the waves; others settle on a reef, and in the night, these vigilant sentinels raise their doleful voices, and warn the navigator to stand off; while others again, by the whiteness of their plumage, form real beacons upon the black surface of the rocks. It is for the same reason, we presume, that the beneficence of the Almighty has bestowed on the form of the waves a phosphoric property, and has rendered it more luminous among breakers, in proportion to the violence of the tempest. How many vessels would perish amid the darkness, were it not for these miraculous beacons, kindled by Providence upon rocks!

All the accidents of the seas, all the changes of calm and storm, are predicted by birds. The thrush alights on a desolate strand, contracts her neck within her plumage, conceals one foot in her down, and standing motionless on the other, apprises the fisherman of the moment when the billows are rising: the sea-lark skimming the surface of the wave, and uttering a gentle and melancholy cry, announces, on the contrary, the moment of their reflux: lastly, the little procellaria stations herself in the midst of the ocean. The faithful companion of the mariner, she follows the course of ships; and prophecies tempests. The sailor ascribes to her something sacred, and religiously fulfils the duties of hospitality, when the violence of the wind tosses her on board his vessel: in like manner, the husbandman pays respect to the red-breast, which predicts fine weather; in like manner he receives him beneath his thatch during the intense cold of the winter. These unfortunate men, placed in the two hardest conditions of life, have friends whom Providence has prepared for them. From a feeble animal they receive counsel and hope, which they would often seek in vain among their fellow-creatures. This reciprocity of benefits between little birds and unfortunate men, is one of those moving incidents which abound in the works of God. Between the red-breast and the husbandman, between the procellaria and the sailor, there is a resemblance of manners and of fortunes exceedingly affecting. O! how dry, how barren is nature, when explained by sophists; but how productive and how rich, when a simple heart describes her wonders, with no other view than to glorify the Creator!

Time's Telescope.

TWELFTH DAY IN FRANCE.

THE following is an account of this day as it is celebrated in some of the Provinces of France:—Twelfth Day, or *La Fête des Rois*, is kept twice in the year at *Commercy* and in its environs, and each time in a different way. The first commemoration takes place on the 5th of January, the Eve of the Epiphany. On this occasion, the family meet about six o'clock in the evening, and sit round a large table. They put into a hat or bag as many beans as there are persons: one of the beans is red or black, and serves to designate the *king of the bean*, as he is called; the others are white. The youngest child draws the beans, and names each member in the family in succession, beginning with the eldest and finishing with the youngest: when the king of the bean is ascertained, he is congratulated by every one of the company on his accession to royalty.

The cake, which is round, is introduced before supper; it is sometimes pierced in the middle in the form of a crown, and contains a bean. It is cut into as many slices as there are persons in the family, including servants. The drawing is made in the same manner as for the bean; only, on this occasion, the share called *la part a Dieu* is drawn first, and given to the first poor person at the door who asked for it; and it is a rule not to begin to eat the cake till this portion of it has been given away. The amusements of this first Twelfth-day festival are cheerful without being obstreperous,—and there is nothing noisy about it, but the cry of *le roi boit*, which is repeated whenever his majesty chooses to moisten his lips with the juice of the grape.

The seventh day after the Epiphany, that is, the octave of this festival, is called the day of the *black kings*, or of the kings with their faces smutted. The king is drawn for with beans, but by the eldest in company—in an inverse order to that of the first drawing,—that is, beginning with the youngest and finishing with the eldest. He whom the fortune of the day has ordained to be king, must submit to have his face blacked, and to be otherwise disguised. They usually take a cork of a wine bottle, burn it in the candle, and with this they draw on the king's face mustachios, and other figures, in order to render the countenance as hideous as possible. The wine passes gaily round; the enlivening song is heard, and servants partake of the hilarities of the evening as well as their masters.

PRIZE ESSAY.

"VIEW OF THE HISTORY, GEOGRAPHY, MORAL, POLITICAL, AND CIVIL
STATE OF ANCIENT AND MODERN AFRICA"

(Continued from page 264.)

NUBIA, ABYSSINIA,

AND THE COAST OF BEJA AND HABESH.

To this account of the regal ceremonies may be added those of marriage. Among the Abyssinians it is a civil contract, and, for the most part, imperfectly observed. The female, who is seldom consulted on the occasion, is carried to the house of her husband, either on his shoulders or on those of his friends. The bride and bridegroom are sometimes seated on a throne of turf, shaded with boughs, round which the relations vociferate a dance. Marriage by civil contract, can be dissolved at pleasure, and requires, for this purpose, nothing more than the assent of one or other of the parties. It is renewed again as often as it is agreeable to both parties; who, after they have been divorced, and connected with others, live together as before. "I remember," says Bruce, "to have been once at Koscam, in the presence of the Tutegehe, when in the circle there was a woman of great quality, and seven men who had all been her husbands, none of whom was the happy spouse at that time." Ladies of rank retain their estates and maiden names, and assume great superiority over their husbands. There is no distinction between legitimate and illegitimate children; and, in case of separation, they are equally divided; the eldest son falls to the mother's first choice, the eldest daughter to the father's, &c. If the numbers are equal after the first election, the rest are divided by lot. The dowry, which consists of gold, cattle, muskets, and cloth, is also returned in case of separation. Princesses of the royal blood are not permitted to marry foreigners; and when they take the air, they go in great state, with four or five hundred women attendants.

In some cases, marriage is entered into by religious contract, and the sacrament taken immediately after the ceremony, but these occasions are seldom. The king himself only sends a message to the lady he chooses. The usual period of marriage is, in males, about ten years old; in females, younger; and at

though in some parts the same man lives with several women, and provides them with separate residences, one only is deemed his lawful wife.

The women are of a healthy constitution, active, and moderately handsome, having neither flat noses nor thick lips, like the Negroes. They stand in little need of midwives, which is indeed the case of most countries of the torrid zone. They appear in public the same as in Europe, without being forbidden the conversation of the men.

The learned are not agreed respecting the antiquity of the city of Axum, which was not known to Herodotus or Strabo. The first author who mentions it is Arrian, in his *Periplus of the Erythrean Sea*. But Lord Valentia in his *Travels*, v. iii. p. 191, proves, by very satisfactory reasoning, that the empire of Abyssinia was, in the reign of Constantine, very powerful, and that their king had already at least assumed the sovereignty over a great part of Arabia; which makes the duration of their power in that country, and consequently in the Red Sea, much longer than had ever been before suspected. So powerful was Abyssinia, in the dark ages, that its kings were enabled to extend their protection to the Coasts of Guinea and Benin, whose chiefs sent ambassadors on every new accession, across the country, to do homage, and to obtain the sanction of the reigning sovereign of Abyssinia. The modern town of Axum reckons six hundred houses, but no remarkable buildings. In one square, which Mr. Bruce imagined was in the centre of the town, he counted no fewer than forty obelisks. It contains manufactories of good parchment, and of coarse cotton stuffs. This last branch of industry is also carried on to a great extent at Ardarva, a town of three hundred houses, which has, since 1769, become the capital of the province.

Lord Valentia mentions the existence of a singular custom in this place. When any person is injured, he gets hold, if possible, of his adversary's garment, and ties it to his own; if he can do this, the offender neither attempts to deliver himself, nor to leave the garment behind him, but quietly follows to the presence of his superiors, who are to judge him. Such a respect to the legal form of arrest would hardly have been expected in a country so barbarous as Abyssinia.

In the south west of Tigré, on the fertile plains surrounding lake Izana, lies the province or kingdom of Dembia, where we find Gondar, the modern capital of Abyssinia.

This city, according to the report of a native, almost equals Grand Cairo in extent and population; but Bruce reduces the number of its inhabitants to 10,000 families. The houses are built of red stone, and roofed with thatch. It contains 100 Christian churches. One quarter of the city is peopled with Moors. The King's palace resembles a Gothic fort. The trade, which is extensive, is carried on in a vast open space, where the goods are daily exposed on mats. The current media of exchange are gold and salt; sometimes, also, the woollen cloth manufactured at Adorva. The province of Dembia contains also the town of Emfras, consisting of three hundred houses, and agreeably situated. This province is remarkably fruitful in grain.

To the south of Dembia, the Nile winds round the kingdom of Gojam, forming thus a sort of peninsula. This part of the river has a most magnificent waterfall, the whole river falling down from a height of forty feet, with tremendous force and noise, into a basin where it whirls round in numerous eddies. The source of this river, the discovery of which prompted Bruce to undertake a long, fatiguing, and dangerous journey into Abyssinia, is found in a marsh, near Gust, Long. 37 degrees east, Lat. 11 degrees north, containing the springs of the Nile; these are three fountains. The water which issued from them was clear, tasteless, and intensely cold. Close to the largest fountain is a hillock, or altar, on which it is customary to sacrifice, every year, a heifer. This is done with peculiar ceremonies. The body being divided into a certain number of parts, is claimed by the people of each adjacent tribe, and by them eaten raw; the waters of the Nile being drank at the same time.

Bruce's feelings on the successful issue of his great and arduous undertaking, cannot better be expressed than in his own words: "It is easier," he writes, "to guess than to describe the situation of my mind at that moment; standing in that spot which had baffled the genius, industry, and enquiry of both ancients and moderns, for the course of nearly 3,000 years. Kings had attempted this discovery at the head of armies, and each expedition was distinguished from the last, only by the difference of the numbers which had perished, and agreed alone in the disappointment which had uniformly and without exception followed them all. Fame, riches, and honour, had been held out for a series of ages to every individual of those myriads those princes commanded, without having produced one man

capable of gratifying the curiosity of his sovereign, or wiping off the stain upon the enterprize and abilities of mankind, or adding this desideratum for the encouragement of geography. Though a mere private Briton, I triumphed here in my own mind over kings and their armies, and every comparison was leading nearer and nearer to the presumption, when the place itself where I stood, the object of my vain glory, suggested what depressed my short-lived triumphs. I was but a few minutes arrived at the source of the Nile, through numberless dangers and sufferings, the least of which would have overwhelmed me, but for the continual goodness and protection of Providence; I was, however, then but half through my journey, and all those dangers which I had already passed, awaited me again on my return. I found a despondency gaining ground fast upon me, and blasting the crown of laurels I had too rashly woven for myself."

Amhara, to the south of Begamder, has always passed for one of the principal provinces of Abyssinia, and contains a numerous and brave nobility. Here is the famous state prison of Geshen, which is now succeeded by Wechneh, in the province of Begamder. It seems to consist of steep mountains, which contain either a natural cavern or an artificial ditch, into which the prisoners descend by means of a rope. Here the Abyssinian monarch causes to be kept, under his own eye, all the princes of his family from whom he thinks he has any thing to apprehend. It is often to this tomb of living beings that the grandees of the kingdom come to select the prince whom, from a regard for his birth, or from pure affection, they call to the throne. These barbarous usages, however, vary according to the character of the monarch, and according to the anarchical, or comparatively peaceful state of the country.

Separated from Europe by distrust as well as by natural obstacles, and insulated in the midst of Mahometan and Pagan nations, the Abyssinians, though possessing vigour and talent, languish in a condition not unlike that of Europe in the 12th century. Their Christianity, mixed with Jewish practices, admits circumcision in both sexes as a harmless practice. They keep both the Jewish sabbath and the first day of the week. During the great discussions which were held on abstract doctrines respecting the nature of Jesus Christ, the church of Abyssinia was, by its geographical position, drawn over to the

sect of Monophysites, of which it forms a leading branch along with the Copts of Egypt. Yet, in their numerous festivals, in the worship of saints and angels, and in the adoration, almost divine, which they pay to the Virgin Mary, they come near to the Catholicism of the Spaniards and Italians. They make use of incense and of holy water. The sacraments which they acknowledge are baptism, confession, and the eucharist. They take the last in both kinds, and believe in transubstantiation. Their Bible contains the same books as that of the Catholics, besides an additional one, called the book of Enoch, of which Mr. Bruce brought home three copies.

If this religion be, as the Abyssinians pretend, one of the most ancient forms of Christianity, it certainly has little influence on the civilization of the people. Every thing almost is conducted in the same manner as in Turkey. The Abyssinian monarch, an absolute despot, sells the provincial governments to other subordinate despots. Some of these governors have contrived to render their dignity hereditary. The vizier, or prime minister, has the title *Kas*. The nobility consists of descendants of the royal family, the number of which is augmented by the practice of polygamy, which, though condemned by the church, is kept up by the force of custom, and the influence of the climate. Those princes who have pretensions to the succession, are usually kept in the royal prison. According to some authors, there is scarcely such a thing as the right of property, yet other accounts mention a sort of magistrate who taxes the produce, and fixes the sum to be paid by the farmer to the proprietor, a procedure which seems to suppose considerable respect for the rights and interests of the people. Justice is administered with great promptitude; punishments of the most barbarous kind seem to be frequent.

The army, which is paid by grants of land, amounts to 40,000 men, a tenth of whom are cavalry. Some carry short firelocks, which they never fire without resting them on a post. The greater part are armed with lances and swords. The bravery of the Abyssinians, not being directed by tactics, has usually no other effect than that of exposing them to extensive carnage. When victorious, they give full scope to their ferocity, mutilating the dead bodies of their enemies in a shocking manner, and exhibiting publicly the most indecent trophies of their success.

It seems certain, after much discussion maintained on the point, that the Abyssinians have no repugnance to raw flesh, accompanied by a gravy of fresh blood, and rather consider it as a delicacy. Bruce has not exaggerated in saying that they cut slices from the live ox for immediate use, the blood of the animal staining the entrance, and his bellowings mingling with the festive noise of the company.* The savage gaiety of these feasts is animated by hydromel in which opium is dissolved. The two sexes indulge publicly in freedoms which, to other nations, seem licentious, though perhaps not in the gross debaucheries of which they have been accused.

The following description of one of their feasts will throw a great light upon Abyssinian manners. "A number of people of the best fashion in the villages, of both sexes, courtiers in the palace, or citizens in the towns, meet together to dine between one and two o'clock. A long table is set in the middle of a large room, and benches beside it, for the accommodation of the guests. A cow or bull is brought to the door and his feet strongly tied. The skin that hangs down under his chin and throat, called the dewlap in England, is cut only so deep as to arrive at the fat of which it totally consists; and is managed with such dexterity, that by the separation of a few small blood vessels, six or seven drops of blood only fall upon the ground. Having satisfied, as they imagine, the Mosaic law, by pouring these six or seven drops of blood upon the ground, two or more of them fall to work on the back of the beast, and on each side of the spine they cut skin-deep; then putting their fingers between the flesh and the skin, they begin to strip the hide off the animal half way down his ribs, and so on to the buttock, cutting the skin whenever it hinders them commodiously to strip the poor animal bare. All the flesh on the

* "Bruce's account of the Abyssinians cutting steaks from a live ox, sewing up the wound, and driving the beast on his journey, had always until now, appeared to me difficult of belief; not from the cruelty of the act, for that would weigh but little with people of their character, but from my conceiving that no animal could, after being so treated, pursue its march. Here, however, I saw before me a similar fact, one which, I confess, surprised me, but to which I could not refuse credence, as it was confirmed by the evidence of my senses."

See also Mr. Salt's testimony, in Lord Valentia's Travels; and Quarterly Review, v. II. p. 117.

buttock is then cut off, and in solid square pieces, without bones, or much effusion of blood; and the prodigious noise the animal makes, is a signal for the company to sit down to table. There are then laid before every guest, round cakes about twice as thick as a pancake, and something thicker and tougher. It is unleavened bread of a sourish taste, far from being disagreeable, and very easily digested, made of a grain called teff. Three or four of these are generally put uppermost for the food of the person opposite to whose seat it is placed. Beneath these are four or five of ordinary bread, and of a blackish kind. These serve the master to wipe his fingers on, and afterwards the servant for bread to his dinner. Two or three servants then come, each with a square piece of beef in his bare hands, laying it upon the pieces of teff placed like dishes down the table. By this time all the guests have knives in their hands, and the men have large crooked ones, which they put to all sorts of uses during the time of war: the women have small clasp knives. The company are so ranged that one man sits between two women; the man with his long knife cuts a thin piece, which would be thought a good beef-steak in England, while you see the motion of the fibres yet perfectly distinct and alive in the flesh. No man in Abyssinia of any fashion whatever feeds himself, or touches his own meat. The women take the steak and cut it lengthways like strings, about the thickness of your little finger, then cross-ways into square pieces, something smaller than dice. This they lay upon a piece of the teff bread, strongly powdered with black pepper or cayenne, and fossil salt; then wrap it up in the teff bread, like cartridge. In the mean time, the man, having put down his knife, with each hand resting upon his neighbour's knee, puts his head forward, and opening his mouth, turns to the one whose cartridge is first ready, who stuffs the whole of it into his mouth, which is so full that he is in constant danger of being choked. This is a mark of grandeur; the greater a man would seem to be, the larger a piece he takes in his mouth; and the more noise he makes in chewing it, the more polite he is thought to be. Having dispatched this morsel, his next female neighbour holds forth another cartridge, which goes the same way, and so on till he is satisfied. He never drinks till he has finished eating, and before he begins, in gratitude to the fair ones who fed him, he makes up two small rolls of the same kind and form, each of his neighbours opening their mouths

at the same time, while with each hand he puts their portion into their mouths. He then falls to drinking out of a large handsome horn. The ladies eat till they are satisfied, then all drink together, '*vive le joye et la jeunesse.*' A great deal of mirth and joke go round; very seldom with any mixture of acrimony or ill humour. At this time the unfortunate creature at the door is bleeding, indeed, but bleeding a little. As long as they can cut off the flesh from his bones, they do not meddle with the thighs where the great arteries are. At last they fall on the thighs likewise, and soon after, the animal bleeding to death, becomes so tough, that the cannibals who have the rest of it to eat, find very hard work to separate the flesh from the bones with their teeth like dogs." Such is Bruce's description of an Abyssinian feast.

Such being the character of the Christians of Abyssinia, we cannot be surprised at any thing in the manners of the more savage nations that live in this country. The ferocity and the dirtiness of the Gallas surpass every idea that can be formed. They live entirely on raw meat; they smear their faces with the blood of their slain enemies, and hang their entrails round their necks, and interweave them with their hair. The incursions of these nomade and pastoral tribes are sudden and disastrous. Every living thing is put to the sword; they butcher the infant in the mother's womb; and the youths, after being mutilated, are sold by them into slavery.

Travellers both ancient and modern, agree in comprehending all the African coasts, from Egypt to the strait of Babel-Mandel, under the general name of Troglodytica, the coast of Abex, or Habesh, or New Arabia.

The ancients, whom we must take for our guides, represent the chain of mountains which skirt the Arabian Gulf as very rich in metals and precious stones. Agatharchides and Diodorus make mention of mines of gold, which were worked. These were contained in a white rock, probably granite. Pliny makes these riches common to all the mountainous regions between the Nile and the Gulf. But of all the races that have dwelt in caverns, those of the Arabian Gulf have longest preserved the habits and the name of Troglodytes.

M. Belzoni, who in his excursion to the Red Sea, came near the country now under consideration, met with a fisherman, who was probably a fair specimen of that department of the population. He lived in a tent only five feet wide, with his wife,

daughter, and son-in-law. He had no boat, but went to sea on the trunk of a doomt-tree, ten or twelve feet long, with a horizontal piece of wood at each end, to prevent it from turning round; a small hole for a mast; and a shawl for a sail, managed by means of a cord. On this apparatus two fishermen mount, as on horseback, carrying a long spear, which they dart at the fish when they see them. The weather requires to be very favourable when they go to sea, this mode being impracticable during the east, and dangerous in the west winds.

Here we terminate our notice of a region interesting indeed, yet but imperfectly known to the Christian world. It ought, however, to be better known. Its physical features might tempt the researches of a Humboldt. If it offers little to the notice of the antiquarian, it opens a boundless field to the naturalist. As a nation professing Christianity, it prefers strong claims on the sympathies of the Christian world. The nation, with its religion, is fast verging to ruin. All its hopes are directed to the zeal and sympathy of British Christians.

About twenty years ago, Lord Valentia and Mr. Salt pointed out the importance of opening a direct communication between Abyssinia and this country. "I cannot," said his Lordship, "but flatter myself, that Christianity in its more pure forms, if offered to their acceptance with caution and moderation, would meet with a favourable reception; at any rate, the improvement in arts and sciences which follow trade, would meliorate the national character, and assist in bringing back their own religion to a degree of purity which it has long lost. The restoration of tranquillity to the province, and a legal trade to the empire, would also have the very important effect of putting an end to the exportation of Slaves, which here is not only liable to the same observations as on the Western coast of Africa, but the still greater one, that the slaves exported are Christians, and that they are carried into Arabia, where they inevitably lose, not only their liberty, but their religion.

Travels, v. iii. p. 256.*

(To be continued.)

* Abyssinia would open to our commerce one important avenue to the interior. Kobbe, the capital of Dar Four, which is nine hundred miles from Scout, is only five or six hundred miles from Gondar, and the greater part of the road is through a fertile country, instead of inhospitable deserts. *Ib.* p. 261.

PREJUDICE AND PRINCIPLE:

A Tale.

(Continued from page 312, Vol. XXVI.)

Oh! well to all that hour is known,
When all the pride of mind is flown!
And reason, shuddering, quits her throne,
Before terrific fear.

Worcester Field, or the Cavalier.—Canto II.

AGNES STRICKLAND.

AFTER supper, Anne rose from the table, and taking from her writing-desk an elegant album, gave Francis the hymn she had promised, to read aloud to the company. He gladly obeyed, and read, in a deep and impressive voice, Mr. Jervis's

HYMN TO THE EVENING.

SINKING now in floods of light,
The sun resigns the world to night;
When a lingering glance he turns,
The glowing west with glory burns,
And the blushing heavens awhile
Long retain his parting smile.
Ere grey evening's sullen eye
Bids these tints of beauty die;
Ere her tears have washed away
The footsteps of departing day,
Nature from her verdant bowers
Her last, long strain of rapture pours;
Shrouded in her misty vest,
She sings a drowsy world to rest,
And tells to man in thrilling strains,
Lord of all, Jehovah reigns!
Lingering twilight dies away,
Night resumes her ancient sway;
Round her sable tresses twining,
Countless hosts of stars are shining;
Weaving round the brow of night
A coronet of living light—
O'er the couch of Nature bending,
Their beauteous glances downward sending;
A silent watch of glory keeping,
Guard the earth while life is sleeping—

Strains unheard by mortal ears,
Echo though their starry spheres;
Other worlds awake to sing
The praises of their mighty King,
'Till azure fields and liquid plains
Echo far, Jehovah reigns!

Creation sleeps—but many a sound
Of melody is floating round—
Where the moonlight wave is flinging
Its snowy foam, and upward springing
To meet the shore advancing nigh,
Pours, in many a broken sigh,
A mournful dirge o'er those who rest
Forgotten in its stormy breast.
Restless billows onward rave,
He who trod thy roaring wave,
Shall to life those forms restore,
Thy tides have rushed for ages o'er;
Exulting from thy womb they'll spring
To meet in air their gracious King,
While shrinking seas repeat their strains,
Lord of all, Jehovah reigns!

Sweeping o'er the moonlight ground,
Pouring soft complainings round,
From yon dark and shady dell,
The summer breezes rise and swell:
Now through lofty branches sighing,
Now in plaintive murmurs dying;
Now o'er beds of dewy flowers;
A voice of wailing sweetness pours.
From mossy glen, and wood-crowned height,
Sad Philomel sings through the night,
Pouring from her feeble throat
Many a soft enchanting note;
Not for mortal ears alone
She warbles from her leafy throne,—
Her tender lay is heard by Him
Who formed the beauteous seraphim.
All night long she sweetly sings
Glory to the King of Kings!
'Till misty hills and moonlight plains
Echo far, Jehovah reigns!

This is night ;—her mantle grey
 She flings across the brow of day,
 To hide from mortal ken awhile
 The splendour of his glorious smile.—
 But what magic beauties lie
 In her dark and shadowy eye;
 When with star and moonbeam crowned
 She chequers o'er the distant ground ;
 Bathing now in floods of light,
 Now retreating from the sight,
 As the heavy vapoury cloud
 Flings athwart its sable shroud ;
 Onward as her course is steering,
 Now through broken cliffs appearing,
 She shews the splendour of her form
 And laughs, exulting, at the storm ;
 While all the starry hosts proclaim
 The wonders of Jehovah's reign !

This is night :—but not that gloom
 Which seals the hardened sinner's doom ;
 That dreary and eternal night
 Which knows no cheering beam of light ;
 The grave of darkness and of death,
 Where palsied nature holds her breath ;
 And conscience wakes the flame within,
 The never-dying fire of sin.
 Evil spirits have no power
 O'er this tranquil, lovely hour ;
 'Tis the shade of guilt that lies
 On thy soul,—and on thine eyes,
 That bids the phantom fear, I ween,
 Preside o'er such a peaceful scene.—
 Night, thy end is hastening fast,
 Immortal day will dawn at last ;
 The sun of righteousness shall rise,
 Triumphant through his native skies ;
 And men, released from dust, shall spring.
 To hail the advent of their King ;
 Till heaven's wide arch repeats their strains
 Christ! our own Immanuel, reigns !

“ Perhaps, Mr. Jervis, you would hardly imagine, from the gaiety of my character,” said Fanny, after Stanhope had closed

the book, "that, for many years of my life, the approach of night brought with it indescribable terrors?"

"You are certainly the last person in the world, I should have suspected of being subject to such a painful malady as fear," returned the curate.

"Nay, my dear Fanny," said the vicar, "I can hardly think a girl with your lively spirits could be affected by any such vagaries."

"I found it too true, my dear sir; until within the four last years, I was a complete victim to my own fears."

"Have you any idea of the cause which first gave rise to this distressing affection of the mind?"

"I always imputed it to terror, produced by the sight of my dear old nurse after her death," said Fanny, "when I was a very young child. My father, you know, died from a fall from his horse, a few hours before I saw the light; and my poor mother was only allowed to bless her first-born, and commit me, a helpless, wailing infant, to the care of my good aunt Hill, ere she followed her husband to the grave. As I was a poor, sickly, little thing, my aunt wisely entrusted me entirely to the care of my mother's old nurse, Judith; who took me with her into the country, where she nourished me with new milk, and succeeded in rearing the feeble orphan, beyond the hope or expectation of my kind friends. It was my misfortune to lose, at the early age of six years, this dear, invaluable old woman; she died in fits, and the cause of her death and the lines of great age imprinted on her countenance, rendered her, after death, a frightful spectacle. I cried bitterly to see my dear, dear mammy once more; and her daughter, without reflecting on the impression such a sight would make on the mind of a young child, imprudently carried me into the chamber of death. It was a summer's evening, and the departing light shed a dim twilight through the narrow-darkened casement. I had not till then any idea of death; and that dreadful sight haunted my imagination for years after. It terrified me in the day, and presented itself to my dreams by night, and was the constant theme of my waking reveries. Being a spoiled and wayward child, my nursemaid, a cruel, artful girl, made use of my fears to keep me in subjection; and when I cried, she used to tell me that, if I was not quiet directly, my nurse would come from the churchyard to fetch me. Then, recalling to remembrance the ghastly

livid face, and distorted features, I had seen by that dim, uncertain light, I shuddered, clung to her neck, and persevered in maintaining the most agonizing silence. I dared not sleep without a light and an attendant, and even when at play in my uncle's garden, the hum of a bee passing suddenly near me, or the sighing of the wind in the trees, startled me; I fancied I heard, in these simple sounds, the steps of my old nurse coming to carry me off to her cold, dark grave.

"My good uncle and aunt tried to reason me out of these extravagant fears; but early impressions are not so easily forgotten; and my gaiety was often, in a great measure, assumed, to conceal the terrors which beset me in solitude."

"Your's, my dear girl," said Mr. Irvin, "was, indeed, a pitiable case: how did you succeed in effecting so perfect a cure?"

"A very odd circumstance," said Fanny, laughing, "completely overthrew my belief in supernatural agency. We are just seated round the fire comfortably, to enjoy a ghost story. It is very near, if I mistake not, the dreaded hour of midnight; so I hope, good people, you will pay due attention to the horrors of my tale."

Johnstone and Anne assumed, in a moment, the most ludicrous appearance of gravity; Fanny shook her head at them, and commenced her narrative.

"*Though I considered my uncle Hill's house my home, and always called it by that name, I often spent several months in the year with my maternal aunt, Mrs. Jones, a rich old lady, who had no family, and was very fond of her little black-eyed niece; though, at the same time, very jealous of my attachment to my dear aunt and uncle Hill, whom I always called my papa and mamma, paying them the respect which a child owes to kind and indulgent parents. I had just completed my seventeenth year, and was too proud to own to my aunt my nightly terrors, as she was a plain matter-of-fact woman, who would have rallied me unmercifully on my unpardonable weakness.

"Even I was a little ashamed of being afraid of ghosts haunting a snug modern dwelling, which was situated in the centre of a populous village only four miles from London, and not above a stone's-throw from the turnpike, through which there

* The characters are fictitious; but the circumstance really happened to the authoress, whilst on a visit to an aged relative.

was a constant traffic, at all hours of the night. For once, therefore, I consented to the horrors of sleeping alone. My chamber was at the very top of the house; but not less pleasant on that account, being a large, airy, well-ceiled room, with three handsome sash-windows in front, commanding a fine view of the hills of Greenwich and the adjacent country. These windows were accommodated with heavy venetian blinds, which fell from the top of the sash to the bottom; and, in addition to this, holland rolling blinds which let down beneath, obscuring, even of a moonlight night, the room in impenetrable darkness.

"My aunt Jones, though a very worthy woman, took the privilege of age to indulge in many foolish whims and prejudices. She was, as I before told you, a suspicious character, and never would tolerate the sight of pens and ink in her house. She fancied, if you conveyed your private feelings to your friends, by a written correspondence, that you were writing of her and her concerns; and as I was in the constant practice of writing to Mrs. Hill, when from home, this unpleasant restraint was very irksome; and my attachment to my adopted mother so far overcame my fears, that I used to write to her, of a night, after the family had retired to rest. Often have I started when the great, old-fashioned dial, on the staircase, and the church clocks, have proclaimed the lateness of the hour, and my own expiring candle forced me to resign my pen, and to yield once more to the horrors of darkness.

"Sarah, my aunt's old servant, who had lived with her for thirty years, slept in a little chamber through mine, which had served as a dressing-room to the larger apartment; so that I considered her door being open, as a sort of protection to me.

"One night, I had been employed at my writing-desk longer than usual, when hearing the clock strike one, I hastily extinguished my light, and retired to bed. Thoughts of home and all its sweet recollections hindered me from going to sleep, when I was frightened out of my pleasing reveries by a light suddenly springing up in my room, and by the appearance of a tall shadowy figure standing at the foot of my bed. I clasped my hands together, and uttering a loud shriek, buried my head in the bed-clothes. My sudden outcry brought old Sarah, who loved me tenderly, to my bed-side. 'My dear Missie,' she said, 'what's the matter? are you frightened, or, are you ill? for heaven's sake! speak, and tell me what has happened.'

"The sound of the good creature's voice, in a small degree, re-assured me, and trying to calm my agitation and the violent beating of my heart, with my face still concealed, I, in a trembling voice, recounted what I had just beheld.

"Sarah, who was very shrewd, and did not want for good sense, tried to convince me that the dreadful apparition was the effect of a dream. I was very much hurt at her unghost-like conclusion, as I replied, 'No! no! Sarah, I was wide awake. Indeed, I have only been in bed a few minutes, and have not been to sleep.'

"As Sarah was unacquainted with my practice of writing of a night, this convinced her, more than ever, that my fright was occasioned by some fantastic vision formed in sleep; and whilst we were debating the matter, the watchman called under the window, 'Half past one o'clock! and a rainy morning!'

"Now my terrors always diminished after I fancied the dread hour of midnight was over, and I consented to be pacified, if Sarah would sleep with me, till our usual time of rising, and for the future. But I made her promise not to inform my aunt, who would not fail to laugh at my fears, and consider this nocturnal visitant of her peaceful mansion as a ridiculous fable, or the distempered coinage of a heated imagination, while I felt a horrible conviction of its reality.

"When daylight restored my mind to its usual serenity, the events of the night would have passed from my memory like one of its fantastic dreams, had not the sight of old Sarah's head, reposing on my pillow, convinced me of the appearance of the spectre.

"The day past too quickly away; and the long, dreary winter night came, and brought with it, its usual attendants, fear, and feverish restlessness. My night-candle was brought in at ten o'clock, and I could find no excuse for lingering below; I retired, therefore, to my own room, with a heavy and foreboding heart.

"As Sarah was undressing me, the idea of a thief being secreted in the room for the purpose of robbing the house, for the first time, popped into my head, and we diligently searched the apartment to discover the intruder: but to no effect. There were likewise two closets in the room, one on each side the bed, a circumstance I did not much like, but, out of principle, I had never attempted to open them, thinking my aunt would be justly offended at my prying into what did not concern me; but fear,

at length, overcame these delicate scruples; and, with a trembling hand, I unfastened the doors, calling to Sarah, at the same time, to bring the candle. But these imaginary dens for thieves only contained a quantity of rags and faded old finery, the collection of half a century; which had once formed a part of my aunt's wardrobe, and had been for years consigned to these closets to moulder in dust and obscurity: however, several old-fashioned long-waisted hooped silk petticoats, as they dangled against the wall, had a very spectral appearance. My search being so unsuccessful, I retired to bed; convinced that my nocturnal guest was not of this world.

"I had agreed with Sarah, before-hand, that we would not put out the candle, but leave it in her room, and lie down on the bed in our clothes, in case the ghost should repeat its visit.

"This good woman, by her sensible arguments, had almost succeeded in convincing me that my fears were either the result of a dream or a delusion of sight, to which some people have been subject, when the watchman called the fated hour of twelve. The blood crept back to my heart; the hair rose on my head; the light sprung up in my apartment—and the mysterious figure stood arrayed in all its shadowy terrors. I screamed, and hid my face; but the dauntless Sarah sprung from the bed, and, after a few minutes of breathless silence, for nothing was audible to me but the violent beating of my own heart, she called out, 'Courage, dear Missie! I have discovered the ghost.'

" 'Speak, Sarah: who is it? What is it?'

" 'Nothing more nor less, my dear young lady, than the shadow of the watchman, which is thrown from the opposite side of the street, through the broken spline of the venetian blind, on to the curtains at the foot of the bed.'

"My spectre dwindled into the reflection of a shabby watchman thrown to such a height from a great distance! the idea I considered as impossible and ridiculous; and I expressed myself in the same terms to Sarah, who meekly replied, 'Well, Missie, if you will promise to lie awake till the next half-hour, I will convince you of the truth of what I say.'

"To this I willingly consented, and found what she had advanced to be the fact, strange and incredible as it may appear.

"One of the splines belonging to the blind of the corner window was broken, and hung down aslant, just below what is called a bull's-eye in the glass; which, I suppose, caught the

figure of the watchman coming down the opposite side of the street in an oblique direction, and by some powers of reflection, with which I am unacquainted, formed a sort of magic lantern, which cast the shadow of him and his light through the window, on to the curtain at the foot of the bed. When once convinced of my error, it became a source of amusement to me to watch the object which had given rise to such terror; and, in so doing, I gained a degree of courage which soon overcome all my old fears."

"I wish all believers in supernatural agency may meet with so easy and successful a cure," said Mr. Irvin, when Fanny had ceased her relation; "but if you, my dear girl, was convinced of the folly of such a theory from the shadow of a watchman and his lantern, I knew, a few years ago, a poor man who lost his reason and life from the unexpected appearance of a Jack-o'-lantern, or, Will-o'-the-whisp, as the common people call the *Ignis fatuus*.

"*He was a labourer, residing at B——, a small town, or rather a village, a few miles from H——, at which latter place his father lived. Being a poor, ignorant creature, he never happened, during the whole course of his life, to see one of these wandering vapours, much less heard any good description of them. One night—being called up late to attend his aged father, who was supposed to be dying, and had expressed an ardent wish to see his son—he encountered one of these lights in the low, marshy meadows that lie to the left all the way from B—— to H——; with a heart saddened by the mournful errand he was going on, the poor fellow was in a state of mind adapted to receive the most melancholy impressions.—He formed the dreadful idea, that his father was dead, and that his soul was gone into a state of punishment, and had taken the appearance of the blue flame that hovered in his path, to inform him of the horrible event. The wild phantom to which his fears had given birth, effectually destroyed the poor creature's reason. He fled towards the town with all the speed he could, but the flame continued to dance before his eyes, and in his very path. Some working people met him screaming and wringing his hands, in a state of mental distraction. Perceiving the cause of his terror, they tried to stop and convince him of the unreasonableness of his fears; but he rushed past them, and sunk

* A fact.

down on the threshold of his father's cottage, exhausted with fatigue and the mental agonies he had endured. The father was better, but the inmates of the dwelling raised up the son in a state of delirium, in which he remained till he expired. All the account his distressed family could draw from him of the events of the night, was contained in a few words, which he continued to repeat, without intermission, till he died.—
“Oh my poor lost father! Oh the light! the light!”

“It is strange that a belief in spiritual appearances has been entertained, through all ages,” said Francis, “and is to be found in every country in the world.”

“Probably, before the coming of our Saviour,” returned Mr. Irvin, “such appearances were not uncommon in the world. Magic seems likewise to have been practised to a great extent. But we are told, that, at his death, the powers of the kingdom of darkness were shaken, and doubtless, evil spirits were no longer permitted to haunt and terrify the children of men.—In the parable of the Rich Man and Lazarus, you will see the impossibility of the dead returning to visit this world.”

“Savages may have received an idea of spectres from oral traditions,” said Mr. Jervis, “transmitted from father to son in the same way that they all acknowledge an universal deluge, though they have no written authority among themselves for such a stupendous event.

“You consider, then, my dear sir, that the account of apparitions we have both heard and read of, and the truth of which has been attested by people whose veracity I should be loth to doubt, were merely fables invented to deceive others?” said Francis.

“Certainly not,” returned Mr. Jervis; “they really saw what they imagined, but under a strong delusion of vision, owing to a derangement of the organs of the brain, which produced such strange phantasmas, that the mind, unable to give a physical reason for such an unusual and extraordinary circumstance, naturally enough imputed it to supernatural agency. I myself knew a gentleman who was constantly surrounded by crowds of apparitions of this kind, which took the shape of his most intimate friends. He even fancied he could hear them speak, but, being a very sensible man, he considered that these sights were owing to the disordered state of the nerves belonging to the brain.”

"If you attentively examine the character of people who assert that they have seen spectres," said Mr. Irwin, "you will either find them subject to occasional fits of melancholy, or acting under the influence of extravagant gaiety. I remember a school-fellow of mine, who, for many years of his life, was constantly haunted by a singular apparition, and was always influenced by these extremes of temper.

I was born in a small village near Morpeth, in Northumberland, where I received the first rudiments of my education under the care of a respectable clergyman of the church of England.

"*William Stanton was a day-boarder, whose daring disposition and invincible courage, aided by the mischievous pranks he constantly played on all who passed near the bounds of our school-ground, and the lane which led to it, gained him the name of Wild Will among his comrades. The epithet of Mad Will would have suited him better than the title we bestowed on him in joke. Few, I am convinced, could have examined attentively the ferocious expression of his countenance, and the fierce, restless, wandering glance of his full dark eye, without entertaining strong doubts of his sanity. He was generous, frank, and bold; and possessed a mind which scorned falsehood, and an iron constitution which paid little regard to any corporeal punishment which could be inflicted on him.

"Stanton's father was a large farmer, who resided at a short distance from Morpeth; and his two sons, who were both receiving their education at Mr. Kirby's school, had, to reach home, only to cross a long field, which had been enclosed from the common, and which terminated in a narrow green lane, surrounded on all sides by high hawthorn hedges, which led directly into the play-ground.

As Wild Will was returning home one evening with his brother John, he was surprised by the sudden appearance of a gigantic figure, stalking before them, arrayed in a seaman's blue jacket and trowsers, with a red worsted cap on his head; his feet and hands were naked, and he was moving along the path with incredible rapidity. Will pointed out this singular being to his brother, and, with a loud laugh, asked him, if he had ever seen such an odd mortal before.

"The brother, aghast at the presence of a third person,

* A fact.

whom he could neither see nor hear, said, 'he could distinguish nothing in the wide field' before them, but their own shadows reflected, to an immense size, in the slanting beams of the setting sun.'—'Do our shadows wear blue trowsers and red worsted night-caps?' returned William, enraged at a suspicion levelled against the clearness of his ocular vision. 'I tell you, I see him, as plainly as ever I saw any thing in my life.—Look! look! there he goes! What enormous strides he takes! I wonder the stones don't wound his naked feet.—What, ho! Mr. Sailor! stop, and tell us who, and what you are?'

"The figure only moved on with increasing velocity, and disappeared through the opposite gate. Startled, but not daunted, by this singular mode of exit, Will exclaimed, 'Ha! Jack, it is not a man, but the ghost of a giant! did you observe, he passed through the stile without getting over?'

" 'I tell you,' cried John, yielding to uncontrolled terror, and beginning to weep aloud, 'I see nothing.' Then, whilst William was carefully examining the little pools of water that recent rains had left in the path, to see if he could discover the print of the apparitions' naked feet, John ran screaming back to the school, crying out that William had seen a ghost! Knowing the mischievous disposition of the boy, we all concluded that this marvellous tale was invented to frighten his brother. Time and observation convinced us to the contrary. From that hour his energetic character acquired a tone of desperation; he became wilder, fiercer, and more courageous than he was before. Constantly haunted for four years by the daily appearance of this spectre, I have seen him start away from his comrades, in the middle of some boyish game, and fling himself down in the path before the creature of his own gloomy imagining, calling to him to pass over him that he might feel the pressure of his feet, and be convinced that he was a living man. Then, perceiving the object of his terror at the other end of the field, he would pursue him with loud cries, flinging stones and dirt into the empty air.

Time reconciled us to his strange and wayward behaviour, though, for the first few months, we were greatly alarmed by it, and never dared cross the haunted field alone; and even when in company, if a boy more roguish than the rest, cried out suddenly—'Here comes Will's ghost! don't you see his red night-cap?' away we all ran, as fast as we could, back to the school-room, panting with terror.

At the end of four years, William left us to go to sea, and never afterwards returned to Morpeth. He made good the promise of his youth by growing up a fearless man, and has since become a daring seaman. I chanced to meet him when in London some ten years ago; and recounting together the scenes of our youth, I asked him, on the score of old friendship, if he had ever really beheld the apparition which had haunted his childhood, or whether it was only the creature of romance—I will repeat his own words—‘Seen him, Edward Irwin!—By Him who made the heavens! the wide earth, and the rolling sea! for four years of my life I never passed through that field and lane, by night or by day, without seeing him.—I have beheld him striding before me in the first rays of the sun,—I have encountered him at the heat of the noon, and traced the gigantic proportions of his figure in the cold beams of the moon, while the earth returned no echo to his noiseless steps. But in no other spot did I ever behold him. I have since sailed eight times round the world; I have been shipwrecked and cast alone upon a desolate island; I have trod the unbroken solitude of the wilderness, and made my home with the wild beasts of the forest; I have thought on him, and my brain seemed on fire, and my heart has burned within me. I have called on him in the still night, and dared him to appear and answer me face to face. But the rocks repeated my voice, and I saw only the starry heavens above me, and the blue ocean rolling its restless billows at my feet.

“‘If he were the creature of my own imagination, why did I confine him to one spot? If his shadowy dwelling was in my own troubled bosom, would he not have accompanied me round the world? Why did he not appear to me, night after night, when I have been alone at the helm, when deep sleep has reigned round me, and there has not been a star in the misty heavens, a ripple on the waters, or a breath of wind in the shrouds?—No! no! he was only destined to haunt one lonely field in Northumberland; and I am convinced, did I ever return to visit that spot, he would rise before me, in all his accustomed terrors.’

“Had you known the man—Had you seen that dauntless cheek wax pale, that iron form tremble, and beheld the fierce gloomy fixture of his troubled eye, you would have doubted his reason, but not the truth of what he asserted.

"The tone of his mind, at all times, nearly approached to insanity. This spectre was, at first, doubtless a deception of the eye produced by the sight of his own shadow in the red light of the setting sun, but was converted into a frightful apparition in the heated vortex of his own visionary mind; and so strong was the impression, that he never, when a boy, visited the same spot, without a disarrangement of the nerves aided by his own powerful imagination, producing the same effect."

As Mr. Irvin ceased speaking, the clock struck one. The gentlemen rose hastily to take their leave, but not without Fanny's rallying Johnstone on the grave expression his face had assumed during the relation of the last story. She laughingly told the young student, that if he was very much alarmed, and saw any actual danger of meeting the ghost in the red night-cap during his walk back to the town, she would intercede with Mr. Jervis, who, she doubted not, out of compassion, would see him safe home.

S. S.

(To be continued.)

THE IGNIS FATUUS.

The **IGNIS FATUUS**, commonly called *Jack with a Lantern*, is a meteor, which like most others has not failed to attract the attention of philosophical inquirers. Sir Isaac Newton, in his *Optical Queries*, calls it a vapour shining without heat. The most probable opinion is, that it consists of inflammable air, emitted from the decomposition of vegetable substances, in marshy grounds; which being kindled by some electric spark, or other cause, will continue to burn, or reflect a kind of thin flame in the dark, without any sensible degree of heat, till the matter which composes the vapour is consumed.

This meteor never appears on elevated grounds, because they do not sufficiently abound with moisture to produce the inflammable air, which is supposed to issue from bogs and marshy places. It is often observed flying by the sides of hedges, or following the course of rivers; the reason of which is obvious, for the current of air is greater in these places than elsewhere. These meteors are very common in Italy and in Spain. Ed.

PARISIAN CHIT-CHAT;

A LETTER TO A FRIEND.

You enquire, my dear friend, what I have been doing with myself, this summer; and kindly ask after my peregrinations, though you are well aware that they are much more likely to lead me to green lanes and obscure villages, "far from the busy haunts of man," than to the gaieties of Margate, or the fashion of Brighton. What will you say, then, when I tell you that, laying aside all my John Bull propensities, in favour of that England I love so well, and that retirement which, in summer, I am wont to seek so effectually, I have this year followed the multitude, "and taken a trip to Paris."

And surely a man may do this, once or twice in his life, without derogating from his general character, as a patriot; or forfeiting his right to make many wise, and some unwise speeches, on the superiority of his own country? I grant that I must now give up the dear privilege of saying ill-natured things about people who were very good-natured to me; but I may still be as eloquent as ever, in favour of the religion and constitution of my country; for, in truth, all my observations tend to confirm my judgment; but with respect to the every day concerns of life, as they regard eating, drinking, talking, and diversions, I must, perforce, give up a preference of London to Paris, for ever and ever; so accept my recantation.

I must be an ungrateful fellow, if I did not own that, in two days after my arrival, I found that my troublesome cough was entirely gone; that in two days more, bile and its attendant, blue devils, had vanished also. The light, but excellent food, offered in every way which can tempt a weak appetite, yet never load a weak stomach,—the delicious Chabli's wine, which gently exhilarates, yet never fevers or intoxicates, and whilst it cheers the heart, leaves the mind unobscured—made a new man of me as to health and spirits, for which reason I advise you, most earnestly, to follow my example. I begin with telling you this, because I think I have taken a valuable lesson on a subject of much importance; and which will save my usual fee to physicians for some time to come.

Though the houses are high, and the streets narrow, in this metropolis; yet, perhaps, in part for this very reason, there is, unquestionably, an impression of architectural grandeur, which we can by no means boast. Houses, here, have evidently been constructed by architects, not bricklayers; and in conveying somewhat of the embodied presence of genius, you have a sense of the elevation of man in civilized life, which you do not experience in our clean, tidy, but common-place streets. It is yet certain, one would rather pass their lives in a comfortable English room, than an embellished, finely-proportioned Parisian chateau, which is, nineteen times out of twenty, disgusting in its entrance from dirt, inconsistent in its arrangement as to furniture, and unfurnished in its interior accommodations. They have, here, artists, but not workmen:—our inimitable builders and carpenters, have, on the other hand, in days past, had no directing mind; or rather, the narrow intellect of the employer, who, having no taste, saw not the use of any, confined them to labours of mere utility; by which means, the first metropolis in the world, became the most ordinary. Things have mended with us, astonishingly, in the present century; and time will come, when we shall not have occasion to say “they manage these things better in France.”

I tell you nothing about the Louvre, the Thuilleries, &c.; for all the Guides do that better than I can. I shall only say, that although I am quite certain this country contains more fine pictures than France, (and, thanks to the plan so liberally adopted of late years, I have seen them all,) yet I think here is a picture, by Corregio, at the former, superior to all I ever beheld. The place itself is, to me, rather wonderful than agreeable: it is too long,—it is an epitome of the national mind, which is much given to carrying even that which is good a little too far.

No greater proof of this peculiarity could be given than the enthusiastic admiration, the universal excitation, caused by the arrival of the Cameleopard. We were all absolutely mad with a giraffe mania; I say *we*, for since it is allowed by our own Pope, “madmen have pleasures none but madmen know,” I saw no reason why I should not experience them, when I could do it without danger of being laughed at,—the circumstance, of all others, most appalling to us Englishmen. Accordingly, I talked of the “*superbe animal*,” *Petrangere illustre*, the arid deserts be

had traversed, the green oasis in which he had reposed, the dangers he had encountered to visit Europe," and all the rest of it, with as much apparent, perhaps real, zest, as any one around me; and on the arrival of our own English giraffe at the Tower, received congratulations on the subject, with smiles of joy and gratitude. As I was then, happily for myself, a constant guest at the Baron Cuvier's, (who, by the bye, is a jewel of a man, as unaffected and simple as he is learned and talented), it was, you will think, natural, that I should become a philosopher by infection, and plunge into science, because I happened to be at the fountain head. This was not the case. The enthusiasm was universal,—the subject was one which could meet every one's perception, therefore, every one's mind was employed by it. Not only naturalists, painters, anatomists, (in which *femmes savante* are, of course, included;) but from the *noblesse* to the *canaille*, all ranks, degrees, and descriptions, were enraptured and engrossed by the giraffe. Ribands and waistcoats, songs and orations, had, alike, one colour, one tune;—had Buonaparte been amongst us in all his glory, he must have "hid his diminished head," in a double sense, when he stood by the tall giraffe.

Now in England, who has seen this new animal? who knows or cares any thing about him? not one. The only person I have seen that mentioned "the mighty subject," observed "That it was a pretty thing, truly, that four people should be kept to wait on a dumb beast,—outlandish fellows, too, who must drink wine possett." You will say, "You have been better employed in deploring the death of the great minister." True;—but not so agreeably, nor with half of our Parisian unanimity. Our reckless, pell-mell sympathies, have, I can assure you, a most wonderful power of contagion in their excitement; and happy is it when their object is an innocent one, like the present. A dozen giraffes might have saved millions of men, had they arrived forty years ago.

The Boulevards exhibit all the gaiety of which we have been told; and, what is more, they inspire it; but, as walks exhibiting the population or grandeur of the city, they are not to be named with our parks; indeed, the Regent's Park is a much finer place than anything Paris can boast; but there we fall far short in the hilarity of the scene, its good-humour, frankness, ingenuity, and that air of polite friendliness, which, I do really

believe, springs from the heart, at the moment; and answers as well, for the passing hour, as a much profounder sentiment could do.

I staid long enough to see that wonderful sight, a play of Shakespeare, by English actors. I was exceedingly amused, not less by that peculiar pleasure we all feel on recognizing old friends in the faces of the performers, than in watching the countenances of the audience. The play was *Hamlet*, the most difficult to be comprehended, even at home, of any play that holds its place on the stage; and, of course, nearly incomprehensible to a foreign audience; but, either from a determination to admire, or to look knowing, they certainly sate it out with great composure; and neither a groan nor a smile was visible till the last scene. You know there are an uncommon number of deaths at the close of this fine tragedy; and in compliment to the habits of the French, in that respect, it was decided that the performers should die behind the scenes; and the cup of poison be made the means of killing more than the queen. In consequence of this unwise, and, I then thought, unnecessary alteration, first one performer, and then another, walked off to die, each holding his stomach, or side, to the astonishment of the French; and when, at last, "the royal Gertrude" drank the cup, made a wry face, and waddled off, apparently under the effect of calomel, even French politeness could go no further:—the house was absolutely in a roar of laughter. "Adieu, sweet prince," was drowned in the natural and irrepressible risibility, which, for five long acts, had probably been kept down with difficulty, from deficient knowledge of the hero, or the language. Be this as it may, other performances have been highly and universally applauded; though *Othello's* smothering scene did elicit some hisses. It is, therefore, a difficult matter how to manage "dying or not dying," among a people too delicate to see sham death, but equal to observing an execution performed in the most appalling manner.

Miss Smithson, unhandsomely designated as a "fat young woman," in the newspapers, and who is, in fact, a very fine, young woman, is prodigiously admired; and Miss Foote is extolled for those peculiar excellences in which the French ladies themselves bear the bell. I always admired her as uniting a very chaste deportment with lively archness; but I certainly think, several actresses in the French theatres, are, at least, her

equals, but perhaps not in grace and beauty. Indeed, their comic performers are altogether our superiors, as the Tottenham-street Theatre might prove; but they have, by no means, such a man on their stage, as a hero or a gentleman, as Kemble. Liston may be termed equally unique; but he is not therefore unmatchable.

I came home by way of Rouen; and was more delighted and interested with that precious specimen of by-gone times, than I can describe. It is stepping back to the days of our Henries and Edwards; or, at least to Sully, and the gallant master he served. As you enter your hotel, and when you see poor Joan d'Arc's statue, you feel all the shame of her death rush to your cheek, and begin to rummage upon your memory all the proofs in your power to acquit England and Englishmen of the foul stain on manhood. When you enter the Cathedral, you regain courage, and say, "This was our work when the country was ours;—how beautiful! how grand! how worthy of the proud dust it enshrines!"

The country about Rouen, more especially that by which you approach it, is beautiful and picturesque, and has a kind of English beauty in it too, that refreshes a man's heart, as he advances homewards; and the Seine looked to me like the Severn; but I must confess I know no particular spot where Sabrina is so highly adorned; for the islands near Rouen are gems, set sweetly in "the silver wave." I must, however, acknowledge that I spent two wretched nights, in Rouen; and was fairly driven out of it on the third, by fleas; which revel here, in all the pride of lords of the soil. It is said, in the east, that the "King of the fleas holds his court at Tiberias;" if this be true, I apprehend he has colonized to such an extent at Rouen, that, like our East India possessions, they far exceed the parent state.

This, however, is no fault of the inhabitants, who are cleanly and civil, but arises from the ancient wood buildings; and an antiquarian might console himself with the belief that he was bitten by a descendant of the family who bit Hal for conquering his brave townsmen in 1419.

Do not suppose I was so tasteless and indolent as not to visit Versailles and St. Cloud. No: I was, like others, astonished with the magnificence of the first, and pleased with the situation of the last; but I forbear description, (as I said before,) because there are bools without end to tell you of wonders, and expence,

and history, in such points; so I prefer giving you my feelings, to my descriptions, knowing you to be interested in them. My pleasantest recollection of Versailles, is less the splendour of its vast but empty palace, than the landlady of our little hotel, for she was the prettiest French girl I ever beheld, and the most perfect sample of her sex in the land where they reign paramount, you can imagine. Her eyes were black diamonds, lighted up by intelligence,—she trod on air, with such feet and ankles!—then, her voice, her manners so insinuatingly soft, so sprightly,—but I will not say another word about her; the young creature was married, so there was an end of the matter; and it is high time to end my long epistle, though I could talk of her 'until 'twere morrow."

Truly yours,

B—. H—.

CHARACTERISTICS OF A CHILD THREE YEARS OLD.

LOVING she is, and tractable, though wild;
And innocence hath privilege in her
To dignify arch looks and laughing eyes,
And feats of cunning; and the pretty round
Of trespasses, affected to provoke
Mock chastisement and partnership in play.
And, as a faggot sparkles on the hearth,
Not less, if unattended and alone,
Than when both young and old sit gathered round,
And take delight in its activity,
Even so this happy creature of herself
Is all-sufficient; solitude to her
With gladness and involuntary songs.
Light are her sallies as the tripping fawn's,
Forth-startled from the fern, where she lay couched;
Unthought-of, unexpected as the stir
Of the soft breeze ruffling the meadow flowers;
Or from before it chasing wantonly
The many-coloured images impressed
Upon the bosom of a placid lake.

NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE PRIVATE GOVERNESS.

(Concluded from page 342.)

I love childhood—I delight in all its accompaniments of wild and causeless joy,—mirth that cannot be analysed, and happiness that laughs philosophy to scorn. I think Wordsworth's Ode—I wish to give it some epithet of appropriate admiration, but I can find none worthy of it—inspired me originally with my aversion to seeing the golden hour of childhood blighted with premature sorrow and suffering. The developement of thought naturally brings with it doubt and darkness;—that of passion, storm and gloom. But the most painful of all spectacles, to my mind, is precocious melancholy: a child with a settled sorrow on its brow, is an anomaly in nature,—a violation of the universal law. The eldest of these poor little literary recruits had scarcely completed her tenth year, and she read the Bible, Homer, and Virgil—each in the original. The others were proportionably advanced, and they were made to exhibit for the credit of papa's *archididus-culus-ship*. They were pale and thin, and whilst their long arms indicated that they were naturally inclined to be tall, they were positively undersized. Their voices were low and feeble, and there was a timid drooping of the lip, which did not, I thought, augur very favourably of parental kindness. The poor things looked earnestly in my face, and were not displeased with the survey, for they received my caresses quietly, and were disposed to return them with a warmth, which the lady-mother deemed it proper to repress. The exhibition at an end, they were dismissed with an injunction to attentive study; and the expected tribute of astonishment was extorted, and rendered by me. My conscience would not allow me to add commendation of the system: but Mrs. Berners seemed quite satisfied with the reality of my *wonder*.

Then came the counting-house part of the affair,—the pounds, shillings, and pence, which perhaps are least easily discussed by those who need them most. I was reminded that I should, in fact, have to communicate but a secondary part of education; that I should find the situation one of great ease; that the principal labour devolved on Mr. Walter Berners: that after the children retired at nine o'clock, the evening would be at my own disposal; in a word, all this gradually approached to the splendid climax of a stipend of forty guineas a-year.

I had but one sentence to utter, expressive of decisive rejection; and with a bow more repulsively cold and haughty than before, Mrs. Walter Berners received my final adieu.

The result of my first visit considerably damped the hope of eventual success, which had somewhat supported me through my perilous ordeal. I began to think, that the accomplishments which I had hitherto regarded as a certain resource, were little worth the time and money that had been lavished on their attainment. The prodigious acquirements which Mrs. Walter Berners had displayed, laid a weight upon my mind, which I could no more escape than the sleeper can throw off the night-mare. Then the cold superiority and chilling pride of her manners presented to me a formidable zodiac of mortifications, through which I must perform the circle of the year. Altogether, I was sufficiently depressed by the time I reached Russell-square.

I was ushered into the drawing room, and I began to regain courage as I felt the influence of the comparatively unpretending style of the establishment. A maid-servant, certainly guiltless either of smartness or flippancy, was my conductor; the drawing-room was plainly furnished, its arrangements slovenly—its cleanliness questionable. Mrs. Somerfield—middle-aged, thick-necked, broad-set, short, fair, plump, and tender-eyed, was dressed so very plainly, that I was quite out of countenance at the smart appearance of my yet carefully selected apparel. She received me with—I think I must call it—*benignity*; I am sure if her face had been exhibited beneath a full-powdered cauliflower wig, I should have described her manner by this epithet. I cannot tell why I fancied that canonicals would have accorded better with her character than petticoats; she neither preached nor harangued, but there was a ridiculous idea in my head, that '*the very venerable, the Archdeacon,*' would have been a highly appropriate title for her. One is subject to associations of this kind, for which a person possessing the most decidedly developed organ of *causation*, would be puzzled to assign a wherefore. Mrs. Somerfield evidently meant to be benign, and she succeeded;—there was a beautiful calmness about her, which seemed to bid defiance to any access of emotion; a complacent imperturbability, that elevated her infinitely above the attacks of ordinary events. An appeal to her sensibilities, I should imagine, would have produced as much effect, as the rolling of a quiet sea over a rock, whose foundations were fixed in its centre. She was evidently one of those persons, who are born for mediocrity in every respect but one:—she was neither very wise, nor very foolish, nor very handsome, nor very plain;—but then, there was a pervading complacency, derived from the conviction of the extraordinary goodness of herself, and all which, as belonging to *self*, partook of the excellences thereof. A tall, thin person, clad in a complete suit of sables, made after the female costume, but hung upon a most unpromising, masculine figure, to which was attached a large, dark head, with a sallow, saturnine countenance, sat, 'a double cherry,' at Mrs. Somerfield's elbow. I soon discovered her to be one of the literal Mr. Grogan's lovers of marshy pools,—a toad-eater. Mrs. Somerfield

discussed the amiabilities of her children, and her echo repeated them with a prolonged swell of sound, until wearied with a monotony which I was aware would find its termination in an offer altogether inadequate to the exertions required at my hands. I had difficulty in suppressing the avowal of my conviction, that they were by much too good for my teaching, and that I could not, in conscience, undertake the tutorship of perfection. But I *had* patience to await the concluding question—"and now, Miss Marden, what are your terms?"

I cannot paint the astonishment and dismay that over-clouded the countenances of Mrs. Somerfield and her double, when I made the necessary reply. They began, in alternate recitative, an expostulatory species of canzonet,—dwelling on the number of young women seeking situations in the educating department—on the multitude of excellent masters, to be obtained for a mere trifle; asserting, in other words, that accomplishments were now, in fact, a mere drug in the market, and consequently had fallen below the average price. Language has not the power of describing my painful mortification at this trafficking for all the best exertions of intellect, the entire surrender of time, talent—all the valuable—all the pleasurable portion of existence. But they talked on,—that pitiless female Pharisee and her satellite,—remorselessly pressing against every point where I seemed most vulnerable. My homelessness, friendlessness, necessities. All were descanted on with particularising distinctness, and produced as strong reasons why I ought to accept with gratitude such a modicum of—I cannot call it *compensation*—as would just remove my services from the claims on the time and attention of those about me, which would have been due to the gratuitous employment of my talents. I declined, mildly—perseveringly—firmly—proudly—in those precise gradations, as the instances of my persecutors became more and more pressing—but never more liberal; even when I opened the door to depart, Mrs. Somerfield's voice followed me to the top of the stairs, expressing a conviction, that "I should think better of the matter."

The deep sigh I breathed on gaining the open air, was a feeling of escape from duurance, not of disappointment. In my joy to be relieved from the persecutions of the moment, I lost the sense of my own unprosperous condition, and I walked on with a buoyant step, like a newly liberated captive.

"But all this is to be endured again," said I, to my friend, as I related to her the result of my visits.

"Probably," she replied; "in ninety-nine cases out of every hundred, you will experience similar treatment. The fact is, human beings like power, and they are fond of shewing it;—this is the grand secret of miserable governesses and tyrannical employers. Change the relative positions of the two, and who will be answerable, that the former sufferer will not, in her turn, become an oppressor? The observation is almost

too old to be repeated, that nothing can be more injudicious than the general manner of parents towards the instructors of their children. It is notorious, that the degree of respect manifested by a whole household to its inmates, is most exactly proportioned to the estimation in which they are held by the principals. Children are acute observers, and tolerably accurate imitators; they can scarcely be expected to honour those whom their parents evidently despise.

"There was Letitia Gray—a relation of my own—*such* a girl! To say nothing of her magnificent person—a considerable disadvantage in her situation—she had really splendid talents. I do not mean, my dear, piano-forte-playing talents—but positively high intellect—a mind that had a masculine energy—grand in its scope—altogether full of power. Moreover, she had the consciousness of her endowments; and, by the way, I do not believe any person ever held such a possession, without some glimmering perception of its value. She took to her task of tuition the ability of executing it admirably, and the principle which ensured to her employers the scrupulous performance of that which she had undertaken. She proceeded with the firmness of united talent and integrity—assuming nothing beyond her situation, but by no means sinking below it. Her employers were obliged to respect her; but beneath the smoothness of their manners, there lurked that real and thorough dislike, with which mean minds regard all who are above them. Moreover, poor Letitia, in her prosperous days—you know she was born an heiress—had lived too much in their neighbourhood, not to have annoyed them by the admiration she had formerly excited. They had daughters who had just come out, as the phrase is, and Letitia Gray had more than shared the homage which they deemed due to themselves exclusively. I was sorry she fell into their hands; I anticipated many of those vexatious and disgusting wasp-stings, which chafe high spirits the more, on account of the very meanness that sinks them beneath open notice. 'Silver forks for the young ladies, and a steel one for the governess,' was an early order given by the mistress of that household to her footman, in the poor girl's hearing. 'It was really particularly requisite,' the same paltry being observed, 'that Miss Gray should constantly wear a high dress with a frill. She thought, if she might venture the remark, the black ribbon round her neck rather savoured of coquetry. It seemed so palpably designed to contrast with the hue of the skin.' The point was not worth contesting; Letitia submitted in silence. This was the first of a series of encroachments on her right of free-agency; she saw herself sinking rapidly into the position of a mere underling, and she summoned her powers of resistance accordingly. The necessity for their exertion was superseded by a very unexpected event; the heir-apparent of this family found Letitia quite worthy of sustaining its honours, and most resolutely offered them to her acceptance. Tears, menaces, insults, abuse—most vulgar abuse, were ter-

minated by her calm, but decisive rejection of the young man. Now that power of refusal gratified the pride of Letitia! It seemed to discharge at once the load of unmerited contumely, under which even *her* noble heart had quailed. It was not the sacrifice of attachment to pride: I believe the very name this unhappy youth bore, would, in itself, have been an antidote to love; Letitia would as soon have associated the idea of sweetness with verjuice, as of affection with a Vincent. The rejection was *repeated*;—the Vincents were enraged beyond all decency;—the culprit withdrew. If you are interested enough to be curious after the fate of Letitia,—she married subsequently a man worthy of her, who had known and valued her in her prosperous days, and loved her for the trials she had passed, and whom she loved that he did pity them.

“This is but one instance of the miseries of the dependent.—I could give you fifty: Would this be judicious? If you are wise, you will prepare yourself for the encounter, without inspecting them too closely. The life of a governess cannot, in its nature, be one of pleasure;—it is susceptible of alleviation—the burden may be lightened, but it cannot be removed. Happily, there is the power of hanging; and that unquenchable spirit of human hope, which looks always for better things. Every body has evils to endure, and injuries to sustain, and indignities to oppose. Fortitude is a necessary virtue in all;—in a governess, as indispensable as talent, temper, patience, principle, politeness, meekness, modesty—shall I go on?” No!

THE CROWNING OF THE BRITISH LIVING POETESSES.

London. 1828.

At no period has the literature of the world attained a higher degree of excellence than at the present moment. Every department exhibits writers of unequalled talent, and unrivalled powers. Among these, it is our boast and our glory to place, in the very first order of merit, many females, whose writings are not less an honour to their country than to themselves. In every department we can find female writers who need not fear comparison with those of the other sex. In history, biography, novels, &c. we could enumerate many, whose various works are justly considered as authorities in their respective departments. It is, however, in the lighter and more elegant walks of literature, that female talent shines pre-eminent; but we confess we were unprepared for such a galaxy as the author of the *jeu d'esprit* before us has presented to our notice. Having been accustomed to contemplate them individually, we were unconscious how splendid an array of talent and genius, might be concentrated in our female writers of poetry.

The title of this little volume will sufficiently designate its object; and we confess that the author seems to have, very impartially, awarded to each lady her station and her praise. Whilst we cannot but rejoice at a review of talent, so favourable and honourable to our country, we cannot

but lament, with Apollo, that some of the sweetest harps that were attuned to melody and song, are now ingloriously mute. The hands by which the living chords were swept, are now paralyzed by the 'fell tyrant;' and 'the laurel wreath worthy of Phœbus to weave,' alone lives in unfading beauty and freshness, to testify that immortality which genius wins and consecrates for itself.

THE CHRISTMAS BOX. London. 1827.

This little volume is especially devoted to the younger part of the reading public, and a very suitable and seasonable present will it prove to our juvenile friends. Among the contributors to this interesting melange, are Lady Charlotte Bury, the author of "Flirtation;" Lord Francis Leveson Gower; Mr. Lockhouse; Mr. Hood; Mr. Charles Lamb; Dr. Magim, cum multis aliis.

To the contributions, generally, we offer our hearty approbation; to one, alone, do we feel something of hesitation as to its effect. "Little Willie Bell" is, we apprehend, more likely to impress children with a mysterious fear, and a groundless terror of ghosts and apparitions, than to warn them from the habits of duplicity and fraud. We more than doubt the utility and beneficial tendency of such stories.

The following extract, which is the only one our limits allow, will prove, we are assured, very entertaining, even to the grown children in the Christmas circle.

CAUTIONARY VERSES TO YOUTH OF BOTH SEXES.

"My readers may know that to all the editions of Entick's Dictionary, commonly used in schools, there is prefixed 'A Table of Words that are alike, or nearly alike, in Sound, but different in Spelling and Significations.' It must be evident that this table is neither more nor less than an early provocation to punning; the whole mystery of which vain art consists in the use of words, the sound and sense of which are at variance. In order, if possible, to check any disposition to punnery in youth, which may be fostered by this manual, I have thrown together the following adaptations of Entick's hints to young beginners, hoping thereby to afford a warning, and exhibit a deformity to be avoided, rather than an example to be followed: at the same time shewing the caution children should observe in using words which have more than one meaning.

My little dears, who learn to read, pray early learn to shun

That very silly thing indeed which people call a pun:

Read Entick's rules, and 'twill be found how simple an offence

It is to make the selfsame sound afford a double sense.

For instance, *ale* may make you *ail*, your *aunt* an *ant* may kill,

You in a *vale* may buy a *veil*, and *Bill* may pay the *bill*.

Or if to France your bark you steer, 't Dover it may be,

A *peer* appears upon the *pier*, who blind still goes to *sea*.

Thus one might say, when to a treat good friends accept our greeting,
'Tis *meet* that men who *meet* to eat should eat their *meat* when meeting,
Brawn on the *board's* no *bore* indeed, although from *boar* prepared:
Nor can the *fowl*, on which we feed, *foul* feeding be declared.

Thus *one* ripe fruit may be a *pear*, and yet be *pared* again,
And still be *one*, which seemeth rare until we do explain.

It therefore should be all your aim to speak with ample care;
For who, however fond of game, would choose to swallow *hair*?

A fat man's *gait* may make us smile, who has no *gate* to close;
The farmer sitting on his *stile* no *stylish* person knows.

Perfumers men of *scents* must be; some *Scilly* men are bright;

A *brown* man oft *deep read* we see, a *black* a wicked *wight*.

Most wealthy men good *manors* have, however vulgar they;

And actors still the harder slave, the oftener they *play*.

So poets can't the *baize* obtain unless their tailors choose;

While grooms and coachmen not in vain each evening seek the *Mcws*.

The *dyer*, who by *dying* lives, a *dire* life maintains;

The glazier, it is known, receives his profits from his *panes*.

By gardeners *thyme* is tied, 'tis true, when spring is in its prime;

But *time* or *tide* won't wait for you if you are *tied* for *time*.

Then now you see, my little dears, the way to make a pun;

A trick which you, through coming years, should sedulously shun.

The fault admits of no defence; for wheresoe'er 'tis found,

You sacrifice the *sound* for *sense*, the *sense* is never *sound*.

So let your words and actions too one single meaning prove,

And, just in all you say or do, you'll gain esteem and love.

In mirth and play no harm you'll know, when duty's task is done;

But parents ne'er should let you go unpunished for a *pun*."

THE WINTER'S WREATH. London, 1828.

This new Annual merits the praise of good intention in its design, but, in respect to execution, it is far behind most of its contemporaries, both in graphic and literary excellence. A few compositions are distinguished among their fellows, as above mediocrity; but, on the whole, we cannot but consider this volume as a failure.

METRICAL ESSAYS ON SUBJECTS OF HISTORY AND IMAGINATION. By Charles Swain. London, 1827.

Novels are now increasing around us in abundance: the press teems with little else,—it is, therefore, a relief to the mind of the critic to turn from their perusal to a lighter and more interesting class of publications; where the imagination and taste are gratified, without an undue stress on the

already wearied attention. Of the poets of the present day, Mr. Swain is no mean member; his talents are more than respectable; and his poems will, we are assured, be read with interest and pleasure by all who can adequately value the tenderest and noblest sentiments expressed in the sweetest verse.

AUSTRIA AS IT IS; or Sketches of Continental Courts. London. 1827.

The position which England has, of late, occupied in the political world, is, in itself, highly honourable and enviable. Her power and influence she has used meekly; disdaining self aggrandisement, and looking only to the interests of honour, humanity, and freedom. Pursuing her high and disinterested course, she has become, to despotic governments, an object of dislike and fear. Her institutions, usages, and liberties, are objects of jealousy to those who cling to the divine right of Kings, and regard the many as only subservient to the interests and pleasures of the few. It has been generally understood that Austria, under the administration of Prince Metternich, clings, with the greatest tenacity to the principles of arbitrary power; and holds, in deepest abhorrence, the tolerant maxims of a free government. The volume before us professes to lay the arcana of this court before the world, and to throw open the *ima penetratia* of its despotism to the view and execration of mankind. This design is carried into effect in no disguised or measured terms,—indeed, we fear that there is much of exaggeration and colouring in the picture; by which, the truth of the general outline is rendered questionable and suspicious. We yet believe there is so much of truth and fact in the narrative before us, as reflects the deepest disgrace on the rulers of that unhappy country, and excites the deepest commiseration in the mind; towards the oppressed subjects of so degraded a country. By those who feel anxious to know the secrets of foreign courts, this volume will be read with interest and pleasure,—but with, we trust, some allowance for the strong prejudices of its author.

FLIRTATION; a Novel, 3 vols. London. 1827.

LIFE IN THE WEST; or the Curtain Drawn. 2 vols. 1827.

YES AND NO: a Tale of the Day. 2 vols. London. 1827.

We have classed these publications together, not because their merit is equal, or their objects immediately the same; but as tending equally to illustrate the state of society in high life. Deeply, indeed, do we deplore the melancholy exposition before us, which is one as disgraceful to the nation as the pen of malevolence could sketch; but we fear, also, one as correct in all its delineations as the pen of truth could trace. "Flirtation" is from the pen of Lady Charlotte Bury; "Yes and No," from that of Lord Normanby; whilst "Life in the West" is, we believe, unattributed,

as yet, to any individual in particular. The immediate object of "Flirtation" is, to reprobate and expose a practice, which is, in the opinion of every virtuous woman, a stigma upon the fame, and a certain cloud upon the prospects of the guilty female. We are aware, that a gaiety and exuberance of spirits may, unconsciously, lead a girl of youth and animation to the very confines of a practice, at which her better judgment and principle may feel disgust. On this very account, therefore, we would warn her from the fatal path, which, when once trodden, will, insensibly, lead her to public condemnation, self-reproach, and lasting misery. Flirtation, in a woman, is equivalent to libertinism in a man. It does not betray itself, indeed, in the same disgusting manner; but it is evidently a manifestation of the same passions and principles, restrained by considerations of public decency and decorum.

A woman of enlightened mind, cultivated talents, virtuous principles, and feminine grace, whether of mind or body, will always, sooner or later, find the world inclined to do homage to her virtues and her charms. She may be quizzed for her precision or her squeamishness, by the unthinking profligates of fashionable life, but she will also win the esteem of the virtuous and the honourable, and secure that self-respect, without which the homage of the world were only an idle mockery, and a disgusting offering. Of the design of "Flirtation," with these sentiments, we need scarcely express our approbation, nor will the matter and manner of these volumes injure the fame of their talented authoress.

"Yes and No," is in Lord Normanby's best style; and cannot fail to be extensively read, and as extensively admired. It is an every-day picture of real life; containing no portraits of individual character, yet likenesses of many. It throws open the arcana of polite society, and shews what therein is both done and said. We have here not only the grand outlines, but, also, the minuter shades, of character; nothing forced, nothing constrained, nothing outré.

Of "Life in the West," we have here an ample and disgusting exposé. The heart sickens, as we contemplate the dreadful mass of vice, profligacy, misery, and ruin, which it discloses. With so many temptations, and allurements, we can scarcely wonder that individuals are led astray, and families ruined.

Of the last-mentioned work we had prepared some extracts, but for want of room have been obliged to omit them.

Figure 2



Evening Dress & Carriage Costume for Jan. 1828.
Invented by Miss Pierpoint, Edward Street, Portman Square.

THE MIRROR OF FASHION,

FOR JANUARY, 1826.

CARRIAGE-COSTUME.

A SILK dress of deep slate colour: the skirt is ornamented with two very deep flounces, the upper one headed by a rouleau, and fancy scallopped trimming. The body is quite high and full, confined at the waist with a riband of the same colour, fastened at the left side with a gold buckle: the sleeves are full, with double *mancherons*, vandyked at the edge, and points at the wrist to correspond. A cloak of richest black satin, made with a kind of half sleeve, edged all round with swansdown, and entirely lined with rose-coloured silk: two deep capes fall over the shoulders, edged with swansdown to correspond with that on the sides.—This elegant carriage envelope, is carelessly fastened at the neck with a French gold ornament.

Hat of black velvet, worn rather backward, and ornamented under the brim with rouleaux of satin and velvet, but the bows and trimming otherwise, are formed of satin; edged with rose-colour, except the strings, which are entirely pink.—Black kid shoes, and lemon-coloured gloves.

EVENING-DRESS.

A DRESS of rich crimson gros de Naples, trimmed at the border with an extremely-full vandyked flounce, each point edged with a narrow French feather trimming of rich gold or amber colour, by which it is also surmounted. The bodice still continues high, made slightly *en gerbe*, and confined at the waist with a deep satin band, and gold chased buckle. The sleeves are full and round, with scallopped *mancherons*, edged with the same material as that on the skirt, but finished next the arm with a full double quilling of blond, to correspond with the deep and richer one round the waist.—French fan. White kid gloves, and shoes.

HEAD-DRESS.

THERE is but little alteration in the fashionable head-dress since our last: the bows are still worn large, and brought very

forward, with gold and silver tissue, or gauze riband introduced; these are most worn at dinner or evening parties. But for more elegant and fashionable assemblies, French flowers of a large size, as full-blown roses, or crimson camelia japonica, particularly by the younger portion of our fair fashionables: the front is dressed very light, but raised very high and full, to correspond with the rest of the dress.

These elegant dresses are invented by MISS PIERPOINT, Edward-street, Portman-square; and we are indebted for the elegant head-dress, to MR. COLLEY, Bishopsgate-within.

GENERAL MONTHLY STATEMENT OF FASHION.

Mantles of levantine, satin, or velvet, are now in greater favour than ever. They are well wadded, wrapping closely over the form, and lined throughout with sarcenet, or slight satin. Cloth mantles are expected to be partially worn this winter; some have already appeared, of an iron-grey colour, lined with pink satin. Real Cachemire shawls are in high favour; the ground is white, with a delicate running pattern over it, of small flowers of various colours; the border is narrow, and in the true Indian pattern.

Pelisses of cinnamon-brown coloured silk, are much admired; but as the cold sets in, those of black velvet, are expected to be most in favour. They fasten down very close, from the throat to the feet, and form a most comfortable walking dress.

Pelerines of fur, and of black velvet, are in high estimation over silk pelisses: they have long ends drawn through the sash, and are ornamented on the shoulders, in the Persian fashion.

Hats of black velvet, lined with white satin, and the edge of the brim finished with white blond, are again in favour for the carriage. Plumes of white ostrich feathers fall gracefully over the crown. Nothing is more becoming than the white blond at the edge of black hats, whether of velvet or satin. For the promenade, black velvet hats, ornamented with a profusion of rich winter flowers, of various colours, are very general. Some are lined with rose-coloured satin, especially when worn with a black velvet pelerine, lined in the same manner. Other velvet hats for the promenade have no other ornament than large bows of satin and velvet.

For home costume, dresses of slate-coloured, or puce gros de

Naples, are much worn: they have over the shoulders a Maltese collar of fine India muslin, beautifully embroidered. Geranium and cherry-coloured sarcenets are much in favour for young ladies: they form beautiful evening-dresses, and are becoming at any age. Black dresses, either of satin, silk, velvet, or lace, are expected to be very prevalent this winter. Ball-dresses of white tulle, are in preparation: they are to be trimmed with three flounces of narrow blond, headed with white satin; the *corsage* trimmed in the same manner over the shoulders, and down each side of the bust, so that one frill falling over the other, forms a kind of pelerine. White satin is frequently seen at evening parties. White long sleeves of tulle, crape, or gauze, are much worn at dinner-parties; they are very wide, and made *à la Marie*: instead of being tight at the wrist, they are puckered, and confined by bands or bracelets. Pelisse-robcs of dark coloured silk, are in favour for morning-dress. We have seen a very beautiful evening-dress of pink watered gros de Naples. It was ornamented round the border, with four satin rouleaux, placed about a hand's-breath from each other. Down the front of the skirt was a broad ornament of *chevrons*, formed also of satin rouleaux; the stomacher part trimmed in a similar manner. The tucker was of very narrow vandyked blond. Long full sleeves of white crepe-lisse, finished at the wrists by a cuff, ornamented on the outside of the arm in three points, each point fastened down by a small gold buckle. The sleeves were headed by an epaulette, formed of a double frill of broad blond. A drapery scarf of white barège was added to this dress, the ends in stripes of gold across, and finished by a gossamer fringe of white silk.

Cornettes of blond, of a rich and beautiful pattern, are much admired for home costume. They are ornamented with bows of broad satin riband, and are of a most charming and becoming shape. Transparent hats of crape, have flowers under the brim, lying on the hair. The crowns of these hats are open, in a network, formed of satin rouleaux. Short feathers are favourite ornaments on dress hats, and look better than flowers, especially during the winter season. Bows of riband are still a favourite ornament on the heads of young persons. *Beret* turbans of white and coloured gauze, ornamented with *aigrette* feathers, are much worn by married ladies, at the theatre, and at evening parties.

The hair of young ladies is much better arranged than it was last month: it has no unpleasant stiffness in the bows and braids, &c. nor so high; while the curls on each side of the face are more easy, and more in the ringlet style.

The pretty lace *fichu*, placed much at the back of the head, yet discovering the hair behind, and tied under the chin, is again revived. A very elegant head dress consists of a Vienna toque, made of separate stiffened puffs of pink satin. It is ornamented with very short white curled feathers, placed in various directions. One long loop of pink gauze riband, richly brocaded, hangs over the left shoulder. The ear-pendants are of wrought gold.

The favourite colours are cinnamon-brown, slate, bright geranium, Parma-violet, blue, and amber.

THE PARISIAN TOILET.

Paris, December 15th, 1827.

A VERY elegant mantle of embroidered Cachemire cloth, has just been invented, and attracts universal admiration. It is of a light grey colour, lined with white watered silk, and ornamented with a double cape of embroidered Cachemire, with a profusion of drapery of the same material, serving for sleeves. Another mantle, or cloak, is of black satin, lined with yellow plush silk, and ornamented with a large cape of black velvet, trimmed with blond. A brown velvet mantle, lined with *ponceau*, is very fashionable, as is also one of walnut-brown, lined with blue.

For the morning walks, pelisses of gros de Naples are generally worn: they are fastened down the front with pointed straps, each point having a bow of riband placed over it.

On some pelisses of black satin, lined with coloured plush silk, are worn pelerines trimmed with black blond; the large satin ribands, of the same colour as the lining, descend as low as the knee, and are terminated by a knot. A number of pelisses of gros de Naples are fastened in front by gold buckles, enclosed between two shell-trimmings of gros de Naples, embroidered with satin; the sleeves are also confined by bracelets of the same material as the pelisse, fastened likewise by gold buckles.

Black velvet hats are now very general. Some are ornamented with four black *aigrettes*: two placed at the top of the

crown, on the right side; the two others leaning towards the brim on the left side. Several black velvet hats are lined with rose-coloured satin. On almost all of these hats are placed rouleaux of the same material; two of which, narrower than the others, are placed across, from right to left, part on the crown, and part on the brim: sometimes these rouleaux are ornamented with blond. Velvet hats for the promenade have frequently no other ornament than large bows of satin and velvet.

Merino is a favourite article for dresses: they are chiefly of very light grey, and are ornamented with one broad flounce, with a triple heading. Others are trimmed with the bias folds, cut in points at the upper part. Sarsnets and gros de Naples, are also much in request for evening dresses. A dress of white gros de Naples, embroidered with white floize silk, and in silver lama, is a favourite bridal dress: It has two broad flounces, above which is embroidered a wreath of foliage, half silk and half silver.

At one of the first brilliant balls of the season which has just been given, some very pretty costumes were observed, but nothing yet very new: a dress of Lyonese tulle, embroidered *en plumes*, such as were seen at the exhibition of the Louvre, was the most distinguished; the plumes, united in garlands, and shaded in every variety of colour, formed pillars, which beginning at the top of the waist, terminated at the border of the skirt, by a bouquet of plumes: these bouquets were repeated at the end of each pillar, and formed a charming trimming round the dress. The corsage resembled a heart before as well as behind, and was trimmed with small plumes which extended beyond the border, where they formed a fringe. The same trimming was continued round the jokeys, which were cut in three points, and fell over a short sleeve of white satin. Five *aigrettes*, varied in the same shades as the plumes of the dress, were placed between the locks of the hair, and formed a half garland on the head. Another ball-dress was of rose-coloured gauze-cachemire, with large satin stripes, bordered by a row of marabouts, the heads of which ascended as high as the top of the skirt; they were fixed on a garland of red roses, which ascended on the left side as far as the top of the knee, where it terminated under a bouquet of marabouts, intermixed with roses: on the head were roses and marabouts, forming a crown *à l'Incas*.

THE

APOLLONIAN WREATH.

THE BRIDE OF INISTORE.

A BALLAD.

Through struggling clouds the moon's pale beam
 Shines coldly o'er the stormy deep,
 And gives a wandering ray to gleam,
 To cheer the eyes that watch and weep.

The night-bird hoots from ruined hall;
 The autumnal blast sighs fitfully;
 And sweeps around that rocky isle,
 And lifts the foam of troubled sea.

From Cormack's tower, a lonely light
 Is seen along that misty shore;
 There pensive sits Oretha bright—
 The lovely star of Inistore.

Shuddering she lists the tempest's yell,
 The loud wind's hollow moan,—
 And hears in every breaker's swell
 A hero's dying groan.

Then looks she o'er the raging sea,
 To catch his distant sail;
 Fancying his form in every tree,
 His voice in every passing gale.

“Daughter of Heroes, cease to weep
 And gaze upon the tide;
 On yonder angry foaming deep
 What bark the gale could ride?

But, lady, when the morning sun
Shines brightly on thy rocky isle,
In triumph shall thy hero come,
Rewarded by Oretha's smile."

"My aged bard, that hope has fled;
His dog is howling loud,
At some lone spirit of the dead,
Swathed in his misty shroud.

My Lord is in the battle slain,
His gallant bands are low;
Their blood has dyed the fatal plain,
And reckless is my woe.

'Tis not the storm,—'tis not the wind,
Would part my love from me;
All danger he would cast behind,
And tempt yon raging sea."

Scarce had she spoke, when at the gate
A bugle blast is blown;
And breathless to the iron grate
That lady bright has flown.

Her heart beats high, her trembling hands
Can scarce the bolts undraw:
Weary and faint before her stands
A warrior from the war.

The purple tide is trickling fast
Adown his iron mail;
Its flickering light the taper east,
And told a fearful tale.

Retaining in his feeble grasp,
A crimson flag he bore;
And scarcely could Oretha gasp
"My hero is no more!"

"Lady, tis true; thy lord is slain;
The angry night-winds swell,
And hoarsely roars that troubled main,
Near where brave Cormack fell."

Speechless and cold Oretha stands,
No tear is in her eye;
But on her breast her jewelled hands
Are clasped in agony.

Her golden tresses loosely flow
Around her pallid face;
Despair has struck, with icy blow,
The last of Cormack's race.

There rises a tomb on that lonely shore,
And near it bursts the surging wave;
There sleeps the star of Inistore,
Her light of beauty in the grave.

S. S.

WINTER.

AN ODE.

STERN winter with his hoary train
Begins to rule the closing year;
And calls the sons of toil again
To social mirth and harmless cheer.

Fill up the bowl; forget awhile
Past sorrows, nor let cares invade;
Dispel the gloom,—a rosy smile
Should hold the place of serious shade.

While the storm gathers, while the wind,
By Boreas driven, whistles shrill,
Around our fire we pleasure find,
And guiltless joys the hours fill.

With comfort cheered, we learn to feel
For those that brave the inclement air;
And taste delight, whene'er they steal
An hour, our tranquil peace to share.

Nor yet regardless that the tide
Of time rolls on with rapid wave,
That life is short, and human pride
Is hourly sinking to the grave.

For every winter brings to mind
How fleeting are all earthly joys;
How soon we're call'd to leave behind
The world, and all its transient toys.

THE MINSTREL'S GRAVE:

ADDRESSED to W. LEMAN REDE,

On his beautiful "Verses, written in Birmingham Church-Yard," and inserted in
the Ladies' Museum,—May, 1827.

"No matter—o'er my nameless grave,
No pitying drop will fall;
No lovely eye my shroud will lave,
No lip my name recal—
No blood of mine in living veins
Will flow when I am gone:
Of me, and mine, there now remains,
Encumb'ring earth, but one. W. LEMAN REDE."

Thine will not be a "nameless grave,"
Though weeping kindred mourn thee not;
The cypress tree shall o'er it wave,
Shading the young "forget me not."
Whilst the sweet Spirit of thy lyre
Shall touch its passing chords with fire,
Waking again its magic strings,
By the light flutter of his wings.
The power of genius cannot die,
'Tis chronicled by glorious fame;
Talent still lives immortally,
And *thine* shall be no perished name.
Thine may not be an eagle's wing,
Through clouds and wintry storms to spring;
But with less venturous plume may charm,
And woo the halcyon in the calm.
If smiling babes grace not thy cot,
Thou art denied a father's care;
A thankless child can pain thee not,
Nor shalt thou mourn a reckless heir:

No fears for their young fate to grieve,
The fewer ties are thine to leave;
While thy sweet harp and song shall be
More than posterity to thee.

If o'er thy tomb no form beloved
Shall hang with heartfelt bitterness,
Grudge not she's spared a pang so deep,
That she has thus one sorrow less.
Then think not o'er thy grassy bed,
No sacred tribute shall be shed;
The passing stranger's hallowed sigh,
Shall honour it immortally.

Cavan-Hall.

M. L. D.

EPITAPH

IN BATTERSEA CHURCH-YARD.

Innocent and passing happy,
As the flowers, did I die:
Mourn not, passenger, my story,
Thou art not so blest as I.

NOTES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We have to apologise to S. S. for our omission in not earlier acknowledging the receipt of her communications. They were duly received, and will meet an early insertion.

"Emma's Complaint" is accepted.

"The Calamities of Heiresses" is received, and meets our approbation; but as it will require revision before it goes into the printer's hands, we wish it had been less closely written.

"My Minstrel Love," and "The Tale of Woman's Heart," are intended for early insertion.

The signature, S. S., appended to "The Last of the Plantagenets," was erroneously so done; the tale not being from the pen of our esteemed correspondent, who usually adopts that signature.

"The Question," is designed for our next number. We anticipate much pleasure for our readers, from its continuation.

The "Historical Anecdotes" forwarded by our Paris correspondent, are acknowledged with thanks, and will find occasional insertion.

We beg our correspondents to remark that no communications received after the 24th of each month, can be noticed in the Answers to Correspondents in the succeeding number; it being found necessary that we should go to press some days earlier than heretofore.



Painted by Rubidge

Engraved by Lewis

Charles M. Young Esq.

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